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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections,

LETTER FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

SALEM (Ohio), Oct. 15, 1858.

LEAVING home on the 4th inst. for a rapid anti-slavery tour to Ohio, through Pennsylvania—with special reference to the Anniversaries of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies—it is time to send at least a hasty sketch of the incidents by the way for *The Liberator*.

The railroad ride from Boston to New York was, as usual, very pleasant and expeditious, excepting always that portion of the route which lies between New Haven and the great city, and which for the quantity and penetrating quality of its dust is unequalled in any other part of the country through which I have travelled. The desert of Sahara can hardly surpass it, in this particular. So constant and serious an annoyance to such multitudes of travellers should be remedied, either by daily watering of the road, or by some other process. When shall we have cars so constructed, or with such contrivances, as to wholly abate the nuisance?

I remained in the city over night, partaking of the ever generous hospitality of those long-cherished friends, James S. and Abby H. Gibbons, for which I have been so often indebted to them. Mrs. Sedgwick, the estimable and renowned teacher at Lenox (Mass), was also a guest at the same time, whose acquaintance it was gratifying to make. Next to seeing that departed venerable friend of humanity, Isaac T. Hopper, is seeing Mrs. Gibbons, his daughter, who, in all the sympathetic and benevolent qualities of her mind, closely resembles her father, as well as in some of her features. And, truly—

> "There's nought in this bad world like sympathy;
> 'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—
> Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
> And robes sweet friendship with angelic grace."

On going to the Anti-Slavery office the next day, I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting that devoted and amiable man, Henry Bleby, the English Wesleyan missionary from Barbadoes, on his return from a short tour to Canada, prior to his departure for his sea-girt home. It was doubly gratifying to be informed by him that he intended to be at the Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at West Chester, in accordance with an earnest invitation extended to him by its Executive Committee. It was a source of mutual regret that we could not take the same train to Philadelphia that day, I having by agreement to go at an earlier hour—arriving in that pleasant city at 3 p. m., and immediately leaving it, with my beloved friend J. Miller McKim, to partake of his hospitality, and spend the night under his roof at Germantown. He has a very pleasant residence—most richly is he deserving of it—long may he and his dear family live to enjoy it! A large party assembled at tea, such as cannot easily be gathered, for moral worth and active philanthropy, in any given district—among them, James and Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimber, Edward M. Davis, and other well-known friends in the anti-slavery cause. My pulses always leap in the presence of such, and others like them in this State, who were among the first to give me words of encouragement and steadfast support in the terrible and long-protracted struggle for the abolition of slavery. James and Lucretia Mott had evidently improved in their appearance since their removal from the city to Germantown, having thus measurably divested themselves of a mountainous burden of "visitation" which their philanthropic conspicuity had brought upon them. While they are living, it is not for me to say of them what my heart dictates.

> "But there are deeds which should not pass away,
> And names that must not wither";

and, surely, theirs are of this character. May time continue to deal gently with them!

The anniversary at West Chester commenced on Wednesday, 6th inst., at 10 a. m., and ended on Friday, at 1 p. m. Though a highly respectable number were present throughout, and very "weighty" in respect to intelligence, moral excellence, and gravity of deportment, the attendance was not quite so large as usual. One reason for this was, we were told, that a horticultural fair had just been held in the place, which had been largely attended, and, consequently, the farming population could not find any more leisure time just then. Success to every horticultural fair! But, first of all, success to the cause of liberty! It has been always so, in every place, in our great struggle. No matter how inferior or subordinate, everything else is preferred to the anti-slavery cause. It is never said, "We have just had an immense gathering to see what can be done to deliver our land from its terrible oppression, and therefore the small attendance to witness this exhibition, or to promote this measure." But let us hope that this will not always be so; for

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flowers
> Of fleeting life their lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it. * * *
> Hence slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
> Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
> All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
> The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
> The surest presage of the good they seek."

There will one day be a common gathering of the people of the North to effect a common deliverance; when, forgetting their religious and political differences of opinion—as men do in the midst of a vast conflagration, or when scourged by pestilence or famine, or in view of an impending earthquake, or overtaken by a sudden inundation—they shall unite the instinct of self-preservation to the sense of a high religious duty, and concentrate their energies to achieve the safety and liberty of the entire republic.

The spirit of this anniversary was never more harmonious, though the attitude of the Society was never more uncompromising. Doubtless you will see in THE STANDARD, this week, the series of resolutions adopted on the occasion, and hence be able to judge of the accuracy of my statement. The testimony of the Society has long been clearly registered in favor of a dissolution of the Union, for the highest moral and religious considerations, and with reference to the guilty complicity of the North with the South in the matter of chattel slavery; but a considerable number of its members and friends still, on pressing occasions, continue to exercise the elective franchise, reconciling the act to their consciences as best they may, and consoling themselves with the reflection that they have tried to do something politically to thwart the machinations of the Slave Power. I cannot find it in my heart to impeach their motives, though I am surprised that they do not see more clearly what is necessarily and inevitably involved in their vote. Here and there, one of them makes a strenuous effort to shield himself behind "the Gerrit Smith theory" of the anti-slavery character of the United States Constitution—a theory which Mr. Smith himself has never reduced to practice; which, in the face of seventy years of legislation, and against the concurrent views of twenty-five millions of people, is utterly absurd and preposterous; and which can never be imposed upon the South, except through fire and blood, and then never successfully. From the beginning till now, the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution have never been misunderstood in any part of the nation. Perhaps no parts of that instrument have been quite so clearly apprehended. Whatever construction may have been placed by parties, sects, legislatures and courts, upon this article or that section, they have never questioned the right of slave representation (in the proportion of three-fifths) in Congress, or the right of the slaveholder to recover his fugitive slave in any quarter of the Union, or the right and duty of the United States Government to put down a slave insurrection, in case of an appeal for aid on the part of the Executive of any slave State. I find, in all cases, that those who assume the Constitution to be anti-slavery, in order to rebut the charge of sustaining slavery by voting, regularly vote the Republican ticket so far as this Society is concerned: that is, they endeavor to elect men to office who utterly reject their interpretation of the Constitution as historically false and morally fraudulent, and heartily accept that which this nation has placed upon the instrument ever since its adoption! This is glaringly inconsistent, and self-condemnatory. A large proportion of those who still vote, however, do not attempt to deny the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, but claim that, somehow or other, they only vote to prevent the extension of slavery, as a distinct issue, and not for the instrument itself, under which they exercise the elective franchise. But this is certainly a delusion. The Kansas or territorial issue is but the incident of the hour; the Constitution and Government are "in permanent session," and the primary and essential object of voting is to secure their constant operation. The representative elected must take oath or affirmation to sustain the Constitution, not to "save Kansas," or perform any other meritorious act; and that oath or affirmation throws around the slave system, for its maintenance and security, the military and naval power of the whole country. What can be plainer than this?

I am astonished that any member of the Society of Friends could ever have felt justified in voting to uphold the Constitution of the United States, in view of his religious conviction that war, in all cases, is anti-Christian, immoral and inhuman; for, by that instrument, the whole war system is explicitly sanctioned and provided for—army, navy, militia, letters of marque, and all the terrible engines of war. Moreover, the awful power is committed to Congress to declare war whenever that body (perhaps unparalleled for its corruption and profligacy) shall deem it expedient to do so—Congress being the sole judge of the exigencies which render the war necessary. How can a Quaker—or, indeed, any one professing to be religiously opposed to fighting—vote for such a war-sustaining instrument? How can he do so without being condemned out of his own mouth? What if the Constitution contained an article forbidding the worship of one God and the preaching of the gospel of Christ—could any Christian vote for any man to maintain it, in Congress or elsewhere, without denying his own faith, and condeming his religious profession by his practice?

It is no answer to reply that "we must have a government"—that to act upon this principle would be to leave the legislation of the country in the hands of the unscrupulous and lawless—that, complicated with difficulties as voting is, the consequences of non-voting would be still more disastrous. It is no answer, because this is the judicial doctrine of Rome, that "the end sanctifies the means," and "we may do evil that good may come." It is no answer, because the command is, "Let the dead bury their dead"—and even a heathen could exclaim, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!" It is ever the most expedient, the wisest, safest, best, to obey God, and do what is right. O, blessed are they who belong to "a kingdom that cannot be shaken," and whose song at all times is, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Excellent speeches were made at West Chester by Lucretia Mott, J. Miller McKim, Mary Grew, Thomas Whitson, Henry Grew, Robert Collyer, and others—all well calculated to edify, quicken and encourage all present to renewed efforts in the cause of the oppressed; so that, at the close of the anniversary, it was the universal feeling that it had been "a strengthening occasion," and "a season of great enlargement," to borrow the expressive language of Friends. The narrative of the operations and results of the great experiment of West India emancipation, by Rev. Henry Bleby—though in substance known to many persons, through the report of it in THE STANDARD and *Liberator*—was listened to with the profoundest attention and the most thrilling interest, causing all hearts to be filled with a joy and a thankfulness for which no adequate expression could be found in words. Its repetition in every town and village would do much to remove prejudice, to enlighten ignorance, to repel slander, to turn disgust into admiration, and to advance the cause of emancipation in this country; and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Bleby must speedily return to Barbadoes, he not supposing, on leaving that island, that there would be any necessity for him to bear witness in this manner to the successful workings of the most beneficent act in the history of England. On landing in America, he found, to his astonishment, that everywhere emancipation in the British colonies was proclaimed to be a failure! Hence the readiness with which he has stood forth—perhaps the most competent witness living—to testify to the facts as they exist, which triumphantly refute the scandalous misstatements of a pro-slavery press. It is to be hoped that he will fully realize the sum he has wished to raise, to enable him to erect some additional school-houses in Barbadoes for the instruction of the numerous children under his fatherly charge. It will be a good investment for the cause of freedom, at home and abroad. Mr. Bleby seems to be admirably adapted to fill the responsible post he occupies, and long may his valuable life be preserved.

One of the speakers at West Chester—Robert Collyer—is a native of England, though a resident of this country for several years past. He alternately works at his trade as a mechanic, and "dispenses the word" as an independent Methodist preacher. He speaks in a simple, direct, telling manner, from the heart to the heart, and loses no opportunity to plead for those in bonds. In behalf of an absent friend of the cause, and in accordance with his own convictions, he urged upon the Society the importance of introducing suitable songs and hymns into its meetings, and cultivating a taste for melody, and thus giving additional variety and attractiveness to the proceedings. I confess, the recommendation, made as it was almost exclusively to a body of sedate but unmusical Friends, considerably excited my organ of mirthfulness—it seemed so much like suggesting to a company of cripples the utility of performing a pirouette, or joining in a country dance! Something like a ludicrous sensation must have been felt by all present; and our friend Mr. McKim seemed to think the suggestion quite inopportune, under the circumstances. Nevertheless, I am for singing as well as speaking noble thoughts and inspiring sentiments, and hold the faculty of music to be divinely bestowed for human enjoyment and improvement.

> "Music the fiercest grief can charm,
> And fate's severest rage disarm;
> Music can soften pain to ease,
> And make despair and madness please!
> Our joys below it can improve,
> And antedate the bliss above."

But our adult Quaker friends are too old, and as yet retain too much of their traditional opposition to melodious sounds, to regard with interest or favor the proposition submitted to them by Mr. Collyer.

Our Kennet and Longwood friends—the Coxes, the Darlingtons, the Barnards, the Dugdales, the Agnews, the Pierces, &c., &c.—were present "in the spirit of love and of a sound mind," full of resolution to persevere to the end, and resolved to know no weariness in this blessed cause. My previous arrangements were such as to prevent my acceptance of their urgent invitation to accompany them home, and spend a few days in that beautiful region.

Leaving West Chester on Friday afternoon—largely indebted to Simon Barnard and family for their kind entertainment—I took the cars for Paoli (a locality full of revolutionary incidents), and from thence to Christiana, the residence of Thomas Whitson, one of the signers of the "Declaration of Sentiments" at Philadelphia, in 1833, with a strong and an original mind, remarkable for "pith o' sense" and quaintness of expression, and imbued with the spirit of reform on a scale commensurate with the wants and necessities of mankind. I was most happy to find myself once more under his hospitable roof, and the large family circle unbroken since my last visit, and in good health. On Saturday evening, I addressed a small audience in the school-house, the weekly lyceum kindly voting to postpone their usual discussion. On Sunday, I spoke at considerable length in the Friends' (Hicksite) meeting-house at Bart, about five miles from Christiana—a queer looking house that, like Topsy, appeared to have "growed," and, in comparison with which, "the most ancient heavens" seemed just created. It is beautifully located, however, and we had a solid gathering. On returning from the meeting, we passed near the spot—hereafter to be historically famous, and ever an object of curiosity to the passing traveller—where the Methodist slave-hunter, Gorsuch, from Maryland, was shot dead by one of his slaves whom he was attempting to arrest, and who succeeded in making their escape to Canada. It was Bunker Hill and Lexington on a limited scale. I had the satisfaction to place my feet upon the threshold and to sit down in a room of the dwelling of Elijah Lewis, a most blameless and worthy member of the Society of Friends, who, with Castner Hanway, was ruthlessly seized and conveyed to prison on the charge of "TREASON," where he remained "in durance vile" for several months. Posterity shall place both of these sufferers among "those of whom the world was not worthy."

> "Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
> Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
> Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish."

On Monday, 10th, I proceeded on my way to Harrisburg, where I was met at the dépôt by my old friend, Dr. W. Rutherford, and cordially welcomed to his residence. He has been a subscriber to *The Liberator* for more than twenty years, and never flinched at his post. A lecture from me had been advertised for that evening, but, as it was the evening before the day of the State election, when the political excitement was at fever heat, no appointment could have been more unpropitious. Besides this, a circus had come into the town that day; and a fat woman weighing several hundred pounds, three living male skeletons, and a huge boa constrictor, were on exhibition! Moreover, the place has a large foreign population, wholly inaccessible, and the bluest kind of orthodoxy holds mastery over the popular mind. What chance had the cause of four millions of imbruted slaves against such odds? My audience was the smallest I ever addressed on any occasion—some twenty-five persons; but I occupied an hour and a half, as though twenty-five hundred persons had been present—remembering, for my encouragement, the story of Dr. Lyman Beecher once having preached a sermon, and performed the usual religious exercises, on a stormy Sunday, with only one man (a stranger), besides the sexton, for an audience, whose conversion he effected, and who subsequently became an eminent preacher.

Harrisburg is situated on the banks of the Susquehannah, and is surrounded with scenery mingling the sublime and the beautiful in equal proportion.

From Harrisburg I proceeded on my way to Altoona, resting over night at one of the largest and best hotels to be found in the Union, and Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, arrived at Pittsburg, where I had some expectation of lecturing that evening; but hearing nothing from the friend to whom I had written on the subject, seeing no reference to any meeting in any of the morning papers that I was able to procure, and the rain pouring down in torrents, making the aspect of the place black and dismal beyond description, and being utterly unfit to make a speech in consequence of extreme hoarseness (which three days of rest had not yet removed), I concluded to continue my journey to Salem, arriving here early in the evening, glad to find repose in the quiet home of Benjamin S. and Jane Elizabeth Jones, whose fidelity to our cause, and efficient services in its behalf, are so widely known.

The West is everywhere in a state of great depression, and there are few hopeful spirits to be found in any direction. Our cause is suffering severely for the want of means, and the prospect of immediate relief is extremely dubious. The circulation of *The Bugle*, though deserving of many thousand subscribers, is more limited than ever, and its continuance can be effected only by the most strenuous efforts. Much anxiety is felt by the Executive Committee as to the result of the approaching anniversary of the State Anti-Slavery Society; for without money little or nothing can be done by them, and money at this juncture is not to be obtained, except at considerable self-sacrifice on the part of many.

The recent elections in this State and in Pennsylvania indicate a growing North, and a general public sentiment, more favorable to our movement than formerly, is unquestionably in process of a solid and reliable formation; so that the South has no reason for exultation, even though our anti-slavery instrumentalities are somewhat crippled by the pressure of the "hard times."

Trusting that a fresh impetus will be given to our movement by the anniversary which is to commence tomorrow, I remain,

Yours, in the assurance of ultimate victory,

—*Liberator*. WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

FOR aught we can see, it is more unfortunate than ever in respect to slavery. There remains the reproach of complicity with this sin. After all the necessity produced by the enormous aggressions of slavery for a firmer testimony than ever against it, *as sin*, the testimony of the Board is now given *against the agitation of the subject*, because of the difficulties by which it is surrounded. Having noted the general position and responsibility of the Board in regard to slavery, we now proceed to consider the policy at their recent meeting adopted and announced.

A responsibility of some kind, in reference to this iniquity, certainly remains; for the iniquity is confessedly in the Churches of the Missions; slavery is admitted there; at the date of Secretary Wood's Report in 1855, in five Churches of the Choctaws, having some four hundred members in all, there were twenty slaveholders and sixty slaves; in five Churches of the Cherokees, containing two hundred and seventeen members, seventeen were slaveholders. If among these Indians, under the teachings of the American Board, there is a Christian sanction for this sin, and a necessity for its indulgence, then there is the same sanction and necessity anywhere and everywhere else in the world, where slavery is legalized. The members and friends of the Board desire now to know the grounds of this necessity. They inquire as to the justifying reasons of a policy that exposes the Board to the reproach of sanctioning and sustaining the most glaring iniquity of our nation and age. If there were two Churches in this city that had thirty-seven slaveholders and eighty slaves, or in Boston with the same number, and under charge of the American Board, by what process of reasoning could it be made to appear that the Board, as a Board, could have nothing to do either directly or indirectly with opposing the iniquity?

The present policy of the Board, we are informed, is embodied in the Report of the Committee on Indian Missions, and is as follows:

"Your Committee have reason to believe that the position of our missionaries among the Choctaws is one of much difficulty and peril Among the various religious bodies in the States near to the Choctaw nation, there has been, as is well known, within the last twenty-five years, a lamentable defection from some of the first and most elementary ideas of Christian morality, insomuch that Christianity has been represented as the warrant for oppression and Christ as the minister of sin. Our brethren among the Choctaws are in ecclesiastical relations with the religious bodies in the adjoining States—the States from which the leading Choctaws are deriving their notions of civilization and of government. In those neighboring States, and in the Choctaw nation, the missionaries are watched by the upholders of slavery, who are ready to seize upon the first opportunity of expelling them from the field in which they have so long been laboring. By the enemies of the Board and of the missionaries our brethren are charged with what are called in those regions the dangerous doctrines of abolitionism. At the same time they are charged, in other quarters, with the guilt of silence in the presence of a great and hideous wickedness.

"It seems to your Committee desirable that the Board should be relieved as early as possible from the increasing embarrassments and perplexities connected with the missions in the Indian territory. Surely the time is not far distant when the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians, and half-breeds, will stand in precisely the same relations to the missionary work with the white people of the adjacent States, and when the Churches there will be the subject of home missionary, more properly than of foreign missionary, patronage."

Now, on endeavoring to analyze this statement, we find, first, the position of the missionaries stated as one of much difficulty and peril. Second, the reason of the peril, namely, religious neighboring bodies guilty of a lamentable defection from some of the first and most elementary ideas of Christian morality. Third, more definitely, this defection is represented as making Christianity *the warrant for oppression*, and Christ the minister of sin. There is nothing to which we are at liberty to apply this *innuendo*, as the lawyers, we believe, term such a count in an indictment, but only the sanction of slavery by those bodies as a Christian institution.

But, 4th, the missionaries are in amicable ecclesiastical relations with those religious bodies in the adjoining States, the very bodies just indicted as guilty of defection from the first and most elementary ideas of Christian morality. Here, then, is one source of peril and difficulty. The missionaries cannot be expected to speak out in opposition to those ecclesiastical bodies, with whom they are in friendly relations, those bodies being in the States from which the leading Choctaws are deriving their notions of civilization and of government.

For, 5th, in those neighboring States, and in the Choctaw nation, the missionaries are watched by the upholders of slavery, who, if the missionaries did speak against slavery, or set themselves with the Gospel in direct opposition to it, would expel them from the field of their labors. They are therefore in great peril and difficulty if they speak out.

For again, 6th, even as it is, they are charged by the enemies of the Board and of the missionaries with what are called, *in those regions*, the dangerous *doctrines of abolitionism*. Hence, still more, the necessity of a prudent reserve, and of not doing or saying anything which could expose them to that charge. But the preaching of the Gospel against slavery *would* expose them to that charge, and bring upon them that peril, and would give good reason to the enemies of the Board to accuse them of what are called the dangerous doctrines of abolitionism. For, in the fore-front of those doctrines stands the denunciation of slavery as sin by the Word of God.

Hence, 7th, in consequence of their prudent reserve in the presence of such danger, they are at the same time charged in other quarters with the guilt of silence in the presence of a great and hideous wickedness.

The conclusion would seem to be that they are the most fettered, puzzled, helpless and forlorn of all the Lord's servants that were ever sent forth to carry the Gospel where sin reigns. If they speak out, they are in danger; if they keep silence, they are in danger; peril and difficulty encompass them on every side. What is to be done? Their peril and perplexity are the peril and perplexity of the Board.

Consequently, 8th, the Board should be relieved as early as possible from these increasing embarrassments and perplexities.

But, 9th, in what way? Shall there be any testimony borne against slavery? Shall the Word of God have free course and be glorified? Nay, nay, let the missions there be given over to the home missionary patronage, with the white people of the adjacent States, and let the Board of Foreign Missions withdraw from that field. In that case the missions would come under the direct care of the religious and ecclesiastical bodies nearest neighboring, by whom they would be instructed and supported; and inasmuch as slaveholding is now sanctioned, and always has been, in the Missionary Churches, there would be no need of any change in that direction. The relation of the Mission Churches to that sin would still continue as it has continued; only that the missionaries would no more be exposed to the reproach of guilt on account of their silence, and could carry on their work with the Gospel, undisturbed, on the one side, by the upholders of slavery, and freed, on the other, from the molestations of those enemies of the Board and of the missionaries who have falsely and most cruelly charged them with abolitionism.

Such are some of the particulars involved in this report. And now, in the first place, men will naturally inquire who or what religious bodies are referred to in the first particular. The Boston *Recorder* plainly informs us that they are the Old School Presbyterian Church bodies. These are they that have been guilty of the lamentable defection described as aforesaid.

2. Men will naturally remark that the fear of offending those bodies does not seem a sufficient reason for not preaching the Gospel against slavery, or for admitting slavery to the Christian Church.

3. The course recommended and the principles involved in this report would prevent the Board from carrying out the laws and teachings of Christ's Gospel and Church, anywhere in the world, under circumstances of perplexity and danger. Suppose we should be told that our missionaries in some given portion of the Pagan World were watched by the upholders of idolatry, who would seize the first opportunity of any direct attack with the Gospel against idolatry to expel them from the field; and that, on the other hand, this prudence in avoiding any direct denunciation of idolatry only exposed them to the charge of the guilt of silence in the presence of sin, and that therefore it might be best for the Board to withdraw its mission, and so relieve themselves and the missionaries from the increasing embarrassments and perplexities of that station!

4. If the Christian bodies in the neighborhood of the Indian Missions have so far departed from the elementary principles of Christian morality, then it will be supposed by many persons that there is an additional obligation on the Board to hold up a light amidst that surrounding darkness, and not to follow the example of that darkness by seeming to sanction its unfruitful works, or by receiving into our own Churches the same elements of iniquity. This is just what the inspired apostle requires of us, in the name of Christ; to oppose with the Gospel the rulers of the darkness of this world, and to stand up amidst a crooked and perverse nation, holding forth the Word of life, and shining as a light amidst the darkness. Where, in regard to this sin, will there be any light left, if we suffer this light-house to be taken down, or this light to be extinguished? But, among the surrounding Old School Presbyterian Churches in Arkansas, in Texas or in Missouri, can there be any stronger sanction of slavery than this of admitting it to the Christian Church? Can there be any plainer assertion of its being a Christian, or at least not an Anti-Christian, Institution than the receiving of those who uphold and practise it into uninterrupted, unbroken fellowship in the Churches?

5th. The great source of the whole mischief from the outset has been the refusal to apply the teachings of the law and the Gospel DIRECTLY AGAINST SLAVERY AS SIN. If the missionaries on the ground had done this, there is reason to believe that slavery would have disappeared long since. But in their letter to the Prudential Committee of the Board dated March 31, 1848, they said, "The Savior and his Apostles have not left any recorded example of their devoting themselves to the reformation of systematic civil wrongs, although many such existed, where they lived and labored." Again, "We should be careful how we risk the spiritual interests committed to us, by attempting to manage worldly ones, which are not given us by the Savior."

Again, in their reply to the Prudential Committee, "We regard it as certain that the Apostles, who are our patterns, did receive slaveholders to the communion of the Church." "Nor can we ever make it a test of piety, or a condition of admission to the privileges of the Church, that a candidate should express a determination not to live and die a slaveholder." "We regard it, therefore, as *impossible to exercise discipline for the buying or selling of slaves*, except in flagrant cases of manifest disregard to the welfare of the slave."

Again, "It is impossible, in our circumstances, to make it a general rule that *the separation of parents and children, by sale or purchase*, shall be regarded as a disciplinable offence."

In accordance with these principles, it does not appear, from anything ever published by the missionaries or the Board, that *any* slaveholder has ever been refused admission to the Church, or that any slaveholder has ever been disciplined.

6. Now, sixth, turning to the last authentic publication on the subject, which is the report of Secretary Wood's visit to the Choctaw and Cherokee missions, in 1855, in the statement of principles by which the missions were to be guided, we find, in the first article, a definition of slavery, in the following terms:

"Slavery, as a system, and in its own proper nature, is what it is described to be in the General Assembly's act of 1818, and the report of the American Board adopted in Brooklyn in 1845." There is the definition, certainly not drawn from the Word of God, but mainly referring to the article of the Presbyterian Assembly of 1818. That article itself took the place of the direct testimony of God's Word against slavery, as being the sin of manstealing, which testimony had been expunged from "The Book," by the Assembly of 1816. We have a letter to the editors of *The New York Evangelist* on this subject, which is to be published, exhibiting the nature of that expunction, by which God's Word was taken away, and man's word put in its place. The missionaries, in determining their principles, have consulted the Presbyterian testimony of eighteen hundred and eighteen years after Christ, instead of God's testimony of 1490 years before Christ. And although that article contains some general strong expressions against slavery, they are effectually neutralized by its apologistic admissions in its behalf; and it closes with the following:

"We enjoin it on all church-sessions and presbyteries, under the care of this Assembly, to discountenance, and, *as far as possible*, to prevent, all cruelty of whatever kind, in the treatment of slaves; especially the cruelty of separating husband and wife, parents and children, and that which consists in selling slaves to those who will either themselves deprive these unhappy people of the blessings of the Gospel or who will transport them to places where the Gospel is not proclaimed, or where it is forbidden to slaves to attend upon its institutions. And if it shall ever happen that a Christian professor in our communion shall sell a slave who is also in communion and good standing in our Church, contrary to his or her will and inclination, it ought immediately to claim the particular attention of the proper church judicature; and unless there be such peculiar circumstances attending the case as can but seldom happen, it ought to be followed, without delay, by a suspension of the offender from all the privileges of the Church, till he repent, and make all the reparation in his power to the injured party."

Here it is to be noted that selling slaves is not regarded as a cruelty *per se*, nor is selling slaves forbidden *per se*, but only to those who will deprive them of the Gospel, or carry them where it is either not proclaimed or is forbidden. This is, in point of fact, admitting the traffic in slaves, unrestricted; for who would ever profess or acknowledge, in buying a slave, that he intended to deprive him of the Gospel, or to carry him to Pagan Africa?

But further, even the selling of a Christian slave by a Christian professor is not forbidden, unless contrary to his or her will and inclination; and even the selling of such a slave, so contrary, it is asserted, may be *under such peculiar circumstances* as to justify it. Of course the buyer and seller, the Christian parties in this diabolical traffic of Christian bodies and souls, are to be the judges of the peculiar circumstances, and not the poor Christian slave himself, however violently the sale of him may be against his own rights and inclinations.

Now this is man's testimony, and these are men's and Satan's contrivances, not God's; and they are such as would sanction and sustain the whole guilt of slavery and the whole slave-trade, in all the avaricious and inhuman fury with which it is ever driven; for it is always driven under very peculiar circumstances. When the goods of a professor of religion come under the sheriff's attachment for debt, and five or fifty Christian slaves are put up at auction, the debts of the professor are very peculiar circumstances, that not only justify his selling his slaves, though contrary to their inclination, but require him to do so; require him, as a conscientious Christian man, to do all he can toward the payment of his debts, by selling at auction, to the highest bidder, the bodies and souls of his fellow-professors.

Now this article of the General Assembly of 1818, being before the missionaries in 1855 for their guidance, it is no wonder that under such guidance they added to their category of principles a second in the following terms, namely:

"Privation of liberty in holding of slaves is therefore not to be ranked with things indifferent, but with those which, if not made right by special justificatory circumstances, and the intention of the doer, are morally wrong."

Here we have again the special plea of justificatory circumstances, and the private intention of the doer; opening a gate wide enough for not only the defence, but the extension, not only of slavery, but of the slave-trade, through the whole length and breadth of our country, and that, too, on assumed Christian principles.

But we are compelled to pause. The subject is of the deepest possible interest, and of the greatest importance. It must inevitably be discussed and investigated to the very bottom, and they are not the true friends of the Board who would stifle the investigation. They cannot stifle it, they cannot evade it. Our duty to four millions of immortal beings, thrown upon our hands, and deprived of every right of humanity, and to millions on millions more, in every generation stolen at their birth and stamped as chattels, by the propagation and perpetuated justification of the system of slavery, has become too mighty for its consideration to be turned aside or disposed of by a report of such nature as that which we have analyzed, brought in at such an hour that there could be no discussion, and then passed without a question. Above all, this investigation cannot be stifled by any personal assaults upon the character, reputation or standing of those gentlemen who may attempt to urge it upon the Board; nor will the Churches of New England, or any part of our country, regard any attempt to crush out any man, because engaged in such an investigation, as any sufficient explanation of the policy of the Board, or justification for it. Not by personal assaults can the warfare of the Gospel be maintained; and the cause of the slave is too high and holy to permit us to descend to any personal conflict.

As to publication of the truth, the friends of the slave, and of a whole Gospel, are prepared to send a deputation of conference and inquiry, if need be, to every Church in our country; and as fast as one organ or avenue of the discussion is shut, another will be opened. The course, responsibility and duty of the American Church in regard to slavery must be traced and known, and men can no more stay the inquiry than they can guide Arcturus with his sons, or barricade the way for the lightning or thunder.—*Independent*.

RUSSIAN SERF EMANCIPATION.

THE Emperor Alexander, on his journey to Warsaw, had to pass through the governments of Tver, Kostroma, Jaroslav, Nijni-Novgorod, Vladimir and Moscow. In most of these his Majesty addressed the representatives of the nobility, speaking chiefly of the topic of the day, the situation of the peasant class. The Moscow correspondent of *The Nord* transmits some of the Emperor's addresses, which we translate. To the nobles of the government of Tver the Emperor said:

"Gentlemen: I am happy to embrace the opportunity of expressing to the nobility of Tver my gratitude for its devotedness and zealous readiness to contribute, like all my other governments, as far as possible to the public weal. This you proved to me during the late war, when you formed your militia; and I have not forgotten the sacrifices then made. I have now confided to you a work—one of the most important for you and myself—the improvement of the condition of the peasants. I hope that you will justify my confidence. It is for your delegates to occupy themselves with this important affair. Weigh the matter well, deliberate yourselves, and seek the means of regulating the new condition of the peasantry according to each locality, and in conformity with the principles announced in my rescripts, in order that the results may not entail inconvenience either upon them or yourselves. You know how much I have your welfare at heart; but I hope, also, that the interest of your peasants is dear to you. I have, therefore, the conviction that you will strive to have everything regulated in a manner useful to the common interests of all. When your preliminary labors shall have terminated, the propositions of the committee will be presented to me by the ministry, and I have already arranged for two members elected by this committee to attend the deliberations that will take place in the general committee assembled at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of examining all the propositions emanating from the several committees of the empire. It is impossible for us not to proceed harmoniously in our acts, since our sole desire is the general welfare of Russia. I leave you with the firm conviction that you will justify my expectation and confidence, and remain persuaded that you will aid and not impede me."

At Kostroma the Emperor spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: The goverment of Kostroma is connected with my family by historical reminiscences, and we regard it as our cradle. I rejoice, therefore, that after an absence of twenty years, I again find myself among you. The reception of yesterday touched me deeply, and I thank you for the zeal with which you have anticipated my desire to improve the condition of the peasants. This question, so seriously affecting Russia's future, moves me to the heart. I hope you will justify my expectation in this question, which is in a manner a vital question, by adapting to the local wants the fundamental principles enunciated in my rescripts, and by terminating, with God's aid, this work without detriment to yourselves or the peasants. To present the result of your discussions, I give you permission to choose from among you two deputies, who will repair to St. Petersburg when the labors of the committee shall have ended, with a view to revise your propositions definitely. I hope you will justify my confidence; and I reiterate my gratitude to you for the devotedness you displayed for me in the late war, as likewise for your present services and for all your sacrifices,"

To the nobility of Nijni-Novgorod the Emperor spoke as follows:

"I rejoice, gentlemen, at being able to thank you in person for your patriotism, a sentiment by which the nobles of Nijni have ever distinguished themselves. At every call from our country you have always been found by her among the foremost: thus, in the late and afflicting war you were the first to respond to my call, and loyally did you advance; your militia troops were among the best; and I have also again to thank you for having been the first to respond to my expectation in the grave question touching the improvement of the lot of the peasantry. This is why I desired to distinguish you, by receiving your delegates Cheremeteff and Potomkin, whom I commissioned to convey to you my thanks, when acquainting you with my intentions and wishes. I have no doubt they performed this their mission. As for me, my object, you know, is the public good. Your task, in the grave question now pending, is to balance private interests with the welfare of all. Yet, I bear with regret that egotistic opinions are springing up in your midst. I regret this, gentlemen. Selfish views spoil everything that is good. Abandon them. I depend upon you. I hope they will no longer make their appearance, for then only will the common cause make progress. I know you have made real efforts and considerably advanced the work. Continue! This day the term fixed for the labors expires, but, as I know that they are not yet ended, I have consented to prolong it to the 1st of October. But by the 1st of October you will have completed them, will you not, gentlemen? I reckon upon you; I trust in you, and you will not deceive me. The path is traced out; do not abandon the principles laid down in my rescripts or the programme I gave you. Your labors will be revised in the general committee, and I permit you to delegate two members elected from your body to supply all necessary explanations, and these ought to be made so as to harmonize with the welfare of all. Act, gentlemen, in such a way that it may be well for yourselves and not ill for the others. I do, indeed, wish you to consult your own interests, but do not forget those of others. Confiding in you, I hope you will justify my confidence. If you prepare this great work conscientiously and bring it to a happy issue, you will give me a fresh proof of your attachment, as likewise of your devotedness, and especially of those disinterested efforts for which the Nijni-Novgorodians have ever distinguished themselves, the public weal being their end and aim. I am happy, gentlemen, I repeat, at finding myself among you after an absence of twenty-one years."

At Moscow, where the measures proposed by the Emperor had not been very favorably received, his Majesty said:

"Gentlemen: I am always happy at being able to address thanks to the nobility; but it is not in my nature to speak against my conscience. I always speak the truth, and, to my great regret, I this day cannot thank you. You may remember, two years ago, in this hall, I spoke to you of the necessity of proceeding, sooner or later, to the reform of those laws which regulate servitude—a reform that must come from above, that it may not come from below. My words have been ill-understood. Since then, this reform has been the object of my constant solicitude, and, having invoked the Divine blessing on my undertaking, I have commenced the work. When, at the request of the governments of St. Petersburg and Lithuania, my rescripts appeared, I expected, I confess, that the nobility of Moscow would have been the first to answer my appeal. But it was the nobles of Nijni-Novgorod who took the lead, and the government of Moscow figures neither in the second nor the third rank. I have felt great sorrow at this, because I am proud of having been born at Moscow, because I always loved this city when heir apparent to the throne, because I still love it as my native city. I have fixed for you the bases of the reform, and I shall never swerve from them."

Here the Emperor explained the fundamental principles of the abolition of serfdom, as contained in his rescripts, and continued as follows:

"I love the nobility; I regard it as the first support of the throne. I desire the welfare of the people, but have no intention that it should be effected to your detriment; but you yourselves, in your own interest, ought to endeavor to improve the condition of the peasants. Remember that all Russia has her eyes fixed on the government of

consequently her popular vote is not included in this estimate. Making all due allowance for this omission, the popular vote for President, in 1856 in the free States, exceeded that in the slave States nearly three to one.

The aggregate vote cast in the following ten States, viz., Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Delaware, and Texas, was less than that of the single State of New York; the total vote of all the ten States being 572,531, while that of New York was 597,389; and yet, according to the present system of conducting Presidential elections, those ten States are entitled to sixty-four electoral votes, and New York to only thirty-five.

Three free States, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, cast 68,000 more votes than all the fifteen slave States; yet the former have only sixty-nine electoral votes, and the latter one hundred and twenty.

Taking the vote at the last Presidential election as a basis, in the free States 16,812 voters is the ratio to each elector; while in the slave States, the ratio is only 9,095.

According to the Presidential vote in 1856, a Presidential candidate may be voted for by all the slave States with just enough free State votes to elect him, and yet may not be the choice of a majority of the voters. If a Presidential candidate were to receive every vote in the slave States, and all the votes in Connecticut, Illinois and Indiana, and all the votes in the thirteen other free States were cast against him, he would have one hundred and forty-nine electoral votes to 147 against him. But the popular vote against him would be more than three-quarters of a million, only a quarter of a million less than the whole vote in the slave States. These States and the free States of Connecticut, Illinois and Indiana, having together one hundred and forty-nine electoral votes, cast, in 1856, a popular vote of 1,644,983; while the remaining thirteen free States, having only one hundred and forty-seven electoral votes, cast a popular vote of 2,404,221, making a majority in favor of the latter of 759,238.

Once more, suppose, what some may think not an improbable case, that a President were elected by the slave States, aided by Pennsylvania and New Jersey, he would then have one hundred and fifty-four electoral votes to one hundred and forty-two against him; but, according to the returns in 1856, his one hundred and fifty-four electoral votes would only represent a popular vote of 1,650,037, while the one hundred and forty-two electoral votes against him would represent a popular vote of 2,299,167, or a majority of 649,130, nearly two-thirds of the popular vote in the slave States.

THE EXILE AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Herald.

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 18, 1858.

It will be remembered that some time during the month of May last a public meeting was held in this city in consequence of the discovery of a vessel having on board concealed slaves. The captain and crew were subjected to trial, and were all acquitted with the exception of the cook; but the vessel was condemned and sold. At the meeting just spoken of, resolutions were passed of a threatening character against a Captain Willett Mott who for two or three years past had been a resident of this city, engaged in the ship chandlery business and the recovery of wrecks. A committee was appointed at the meeting to wait upon the captain and escort him out of the city, which they did, admonishing him at the same time that it would be dangerous for him to return. Capt. Mott, having put his family, consisting of a wife and seven children, on board one of the New York steamers, immediately left, and repaired to Richmond by a circuitous route. He there took the advice of counsel as to what course he should pursue, and was recommended to address a letter to the then Mayor of this city (Ferguson), requesting to know if he would be protected should he surrender himself for trial. Acting upon this advice, he addressed a letter to the Mayor making this inquiry, and agreeing, upon receiving a proper guarantee of protection, to submit to a judicial trial, or an informal one by a committee of citizens, expressing his entire willingness that they should take the fullest latitude in regard to the testimony to be admitted. This letter, in short, pledged him to abide by any ordeal, legal or otherwise, if the necessary protection was guaranteed. The reply of the Mayor held out but little encouragement. That official expressed his willingness to afford all the protection in his power, but strongly advised him not to return.

Capt. Mott, determinig at least to protect his own name and fame by an appeal to every resource within his reach, applied to his counsel to draw up for him a memorial to the Governor of the State setting out all the facts in his case, and requesting such aid as he might find himself able to afford. The memorial was presented during the month of September last, having been delayed until that time in consequence of the absence of the Governor from Richmond. The reply of Gov. Wise was that he did not deem it necessary to interfere—that the authorities of this city would no doubt afford him ample protection. This reply was not particularly encouraging to the captain, but being determined, if possible, to return to this city to reside if he could, and take such care as he only could of his abandoned household goods and property, he prepared to return to Norfolk and take the hazard. At the instance of his counsel, however, he delayed until another letter could be addressed to the present Mayor of the city. This letter was sent, and in it was reiterated in substance all that was stated in the letter to our former Mayor. The evident disposition of the captain to prove his innocence, by his protracted anxiety for a proper trial, was duly noted, and the justice of affording him the necessary protection, with that view, was forcibly urged. But this letter met with but little better success. The reply of the Mayor, couched in official brevity, informed his counsel that such protection as he had to offer would be extended to him, or something to that effect.

Capt. Mott thereupon determined to return, and on Wednesday last, the 13th inst., he arrived in this city. He immediately showed himself on the streets, and informed some of his friends of his intention to remain and demand a trial. He called upon the acting Mayor, the Mayor being absent, and informed him that he was prepared to meet any legal demands upon him, or to answer to a committee of citizens; but the reply of his honor *pro tem.* was that there were no legal demands against him that he knew of. With this assurance the captain naturally concluded that his ostracism was at an end. As the day advanced, however, the symptoms of threatening violence became so great that his friends urged him, if he had any regard for his own life or for his family, to quit the city. He did so, and immediately repaired to Baltimore, whence, I learn, he proceeded to New York to join his family. I had a brief conversation with him while in this city, and he spoke deploringly of the terrible condition in which he had been placed by this outrageous course on the part of the citizens here. He intends to institute a suit for damages against the city, and it is sincerely to be hoped he will be awarded the full equivalent of the injury he has sustained both in his business and character. That he will clear himself of any complicity in the abduction of the slaves discovered on board the vessel there is not a shadow of doubt. The whole ground of suspicion against him lay in the fact of his having put some supplies from his store on board a vessel bound for the Appomatox river on the night when the slaves were understood to have been carried off. With men of coolness and discretion this would not be sufficient to justify the ostracism of an industrious citizen, and a jury will so consider it, and no doubt act accordingly. If the example of a just retribution in this instance will only arrest this practice of summary and unjustifiable expulsion, it will be well. To such an extent is this outrage carried that the mere coincidence of a gaze at a nigger by a stranger, and the disappearance of Sambo within any reasonable period from the date of the look, subjects him either to lynching or banishment. And remember that the principal agents in these outrages are fellows who possess not one dollar's interest in slave property. The case of Capt. Mott is one of peculiar hardship. The fact of a man with a wife and seven children being banished from his home, upon a vague and groundless suspicion, argues a state of law and society better adapted to the Fejee Islands than to a city of the Old Dominion. But what is worse is the persistent denial of justice which we find displayed in the teeth of the most urgent anxiety on the part of Capt. Mott to obtain a trial of any kind. One would suppose that, after the excitement which attended the discovery of the slaves had passed away, some forbearance would be exercised, and an effort made to correct an evil wrought by passion. But no, the same blind prejudice and overbearing spirit predominates. An award of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars damages will cool down this ardent temperament effectually.

The suit will be brought in the United States Court in some other part of the State than Norfolk. The case is in the hands of A. J. Crane, of Richmond, a gentleman of high legal reputation, and a man who, by all accounts, will do his duty in the premises boldly and fearlessly. Meanwhile, it is the intention of Capt. Mott to publish the whole matter, and, so far as I can ascertain, the columns of *The Herald* will be made the medium of the publication.

A CONFLICT OF TESTIMONY.

We are sorry to see that we cannot say of Judge Parker and Jefferson Davis, as Dogberry said of the two men he had apprehended by night, that "they are both in a tale." Judge Parker's hair bristles with horror when he thinks what will happen if the subject of slavery be allowed to get into Congress, and such men as Mr. Giddings have an opportunity to make incendiary speeches. He said in his speech delivered last night in Palace Gardens:

"When the Southern planter retires to rest at night, has he not reason to apprehend that before morning this very calamity invoked by Giddings may occur, that his family may be immolated and his property destroyed? Has he not reason to fear it when such speeches are made in Congress and sent over the Union? In Congress, therefore, the proper place in which to introduce this firebrand, and to keep up this bitter feeling between North and South."

Judge Parker forgets again that this "firebrand" was introduced by his own party when they proposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; but let that pass. Mr. Jefferson Davis, in a speech made immediately after that of Judge Parker, treated with contempt the idea which thrilled the sensitive nerves of Judge Parker with terror. He said:

"Had the orator (Mr. Giddings) who was quoted to-night known anything of the relations between the master and the slave, he would not have talked of the slave armed with the British bayonet. Our doors are unlocked at night; we live among them with no more fear of them than of our cows and oxen. We lie down to sleep among them, trusting to them for our defence, and the bond between the master and the slave is as near as that which exists between capital and labor everywhere."

So there is one important branch of Judge Parker's argument against giving Congress jurisdiction over slavery in the Territories demolished at once. Mr. Davis has no more fear of the effect of one of Giddings's speeches on his negroes than he would have of the youngest calf in his herd. Observe, too, the compliment he pays in the last clause to the free white people who are employed by capitalists.—*Evening Post.*

RETURN OF A NEW YORK SLAVER.

THE CAPTAIN'S REVELATIONS—REFUSAL OF THE CREW TO SAIL.

From The Boston Evening Journal, Oct. 20.

The bark Isle de Cuba arrived at this port this morning from the Western Islands, in charge of the mate, Mr. Turner. She left New York, August 12, for Loando, Coast of Africa, under the command of Captain Dobson, and put into St. Michaels, Western Islands, where the captain left the vessel, and the mate, having suspicions that she was designed for the slave trade, took charge of her and brought her to this port.

It appears by the statements of some of the men on board that the mate and crew shipped in New York without any suspicions of the real purpose of the voyage, supposing that they were destined for a legitimate trading trip to the coast of Africa. On their arrival at St. Michaels, all hands were called aft, when Capt. Dobson disclosed to them his plans, saying he was bound for the coast to obtain a cargo of slaves, and asked if they had any objection to go, offering at the same time great inducements as to their pay. They all, however, refused to accompany him on such a voyage, and the captain, finding the determination of the crew could not be changed by any promises, and getting somewhat frightened for fear the crew would enter a complaint against him, concluded to abandon the vessel and the voyage.

Mr. L. W. Turner, the mate of the vessel, who belongs in Charlestown, Mass., then took charge of the bark, and, with the advice of the United States Consul, she was sent home for adjudication. She accordingly sailed for St. Michaels, September 22; and three days after leaving port, three passengers, who embarked at New York, probably for the purpose of acting as general managers of the voyage in obtaining the slaves, &c., and who had heretofore remained passive spectators of what was going on, took the ship's long boat and left the vessel in the direction of St. Michaels, with the intention, doubtless, of returning to that port.

The original crew, numbering eleven, including the mate, all returned home in the bark. A seaman, formerly belonging to a whaler, shipped at St. Michaels as second mate.

The Isle de Cuba is a vessel of about 200 tons, and has on board the same cargo which she took at New York in August last. It consists of rice, beans, lumber, &c.

The bark, on her arrival in our harbor this morning, was anchored in the stream near Bird Island, and Mr. Turner immediately started for the city. His intention, it was said, was to place the vessel in the hands of the U. S. Marshal.

The Isle de Cuba hails from New York, and is about ten years old.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS TO GERRIT SMITH.

JEFFERSON, O., September 28.

Hon. Gerrit Smith: The new-papers report that, at a public meeting in Rochester, the following interrogatory was propounded to you: "Is not J. R. Giddings an Abolitionist?" To which you responded:

"He is a qualified Abolitionist. The party which he represents does not seek the abolition of slavery. Nor does it even go for non extension. It once said—No more slave States. Now it says—No more slave States—unless the people wish it. If Kansas or Utah wished to come in as slave States, the Republicans, as a party, would admit them."

The Republican party was formed at Philadelphia in 1856; is a National party, and of course the same in all the States. It was founded on certain well-defined truths, which were clearly expressed and most solemnly avowed. The vast convocation of patriots and philanthropists associated together upon two essential doctrines. The first was expressed in the following language: "We hold it to be a self evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This was believed to express the foundation of man's political, moral and religious rights in as comprehensive language as was ever put forth.

But this abstract faith would be of little purpose without some agent was specified and pointed out as the means by which these rights were to be secured and maintained. The Convention therefore proceeds to declare "That the primary object and ulterior design of our federal government were *to secure the enjoyment of these rights to all persons within its exclusive jurisdiction.*"

It was these doctrines which distinguished the Republican party from all others. Without these doctrines there is no Republican party. If they be abandoned, the party must of course be dissolved.

You assert that "it does not seek the abolition of slavery, nor does it go for its non-extension!" Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the Cleveland *Leader*, if you please, *when* the Republican party abandoned its avowed faith? When, and by whom, was this apostasy proclaimed?

I entertain no doubt of your perfect sincerity, and I trust you will have as little of mine, when I ask you to answer at your earliest convenience, through the columns of a daily paper, in order that the people may be more generally informed of your objections to the Republican party, as well as of my reply to the charges you make.

With great respect, your friend, J. R. GIDDINGS.

REPLY OF GERRIT SMITH TO JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 10, 1858.

Hon. J. R. Giddings—*My Dear Friend:* As I am almost constantly on the wing, I sometimes do not see for a week the letters and papers sent to my home. Not until this hour did I see your letter to me in the Cleveland *Morning Leader*.

As I have held meetings almost daily for nearly two months, I have not a distinct recollection of what I said in any one of them. The new-paper accounts of these meetings are, some of them, candid, and some caricatures; some of them nearly clear and others very full of errors. Whether I said, in my Rochester meeting, what you have imputed to me my memory enables me neither to affirm nor deny.

In your heart and in your private life you are an Abolitionist. In your political relations you are not one.

You act with the Republican party; and surely it is not at work to abolish any slavery. Your Free Soil party of 1848 declared its purpose to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. But I never heard that this is one of the purposes of the Republican party. The *words* of its platform may include this purpose; but they are of no account as long as the *deeds* of the party do not express it.

Why, your party does not undertake to do even so little as to abolish slavery in what are miscalled the free States! In my own State it has refused to do so. It leaves the way open in all these free States for the kidnapper to come and sink men and women and children into the pit of slavery.

Now, whatever your party may say against the extension of slavery, does it go against it? It voted in Congress to receive Kansas with or without slavery. I know that Republicans in this State still talk against admitting slave States. But how little reliance should be placed upon this talk, so long as they are not willing to clear their own State of slavery! It is no more to be believed that he who leaves slavery untouched at home is to be relied on to stop it abroad than it is that he who has the small pox is sound on one side and unsound on the other.

Whatever the Republican party may be in Ohio, it is a coward and a hypocrite in this State. It is a coward in the presence of both rum and slavery. It is a hypocrite; for its agents are going up and down the State to persuade the friends of Temperance that Edwin D. Morgan is worthy of their votes. But that he alone of all the Senators dodged the vote on the Prohibitory Law is notorious. Moreover, had he been friendly to such a law, the Republican party would not have so dared to defy the rum interest as to put him in nomination. It is a hypocrite—for it is laboring to cheat the colored people into the belief that the Republican party will give to them the Right of Suffrage. But the party that refuses to protect the colored men in their right to their bodies will never give them the Right of Suffrage.

With great regard, your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

A SLAVE CASE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

From The Lowell Vox Populi.

A case of extraordinary interest, involving as it does some nice points, some new and some rendered famous in the Dred Scott case, has been pending in this city for several days, but has been kept so still that no daily paper has got hold of it. The case, as stated with apparent truthfulness, and at their own unbiased instance, is briefly this:

Jesse Cornwell, a rich planter in Mississippi, had a smart favorite slave, named Betsey, who was employed in the confidential relation of housekeeper, and with whom he cohabited. The result of this cohabitation was a daughter, who is now 24 years old, smart, capable, intelligent and good-looking. Her name is Caroline. Cornwell, on his death-bed, six years since, requested his friend, Dr. Dewis Keyes, to take charge of his effects, including a considerable sum of money; and especially charged him, as soon as he could arrange so to do, to take the woman Betsey and his and her child Caroline to a free State, and there see them comfortably located. For this special service Keyes was directed to take $5,000 cash, $4,000 of which was to be equally divided between mother and daughter, and $1,000 to be retained for his own services.

Instead of performing faithfully this last dying request, it is alleged, Keyes, immediately on the death of Cornwell, took the mother and daughter and hired them out at $100 a year each for a period of six years, when he finally brought them with him North, arriving in Lowell in the latter part of May last. They have been here with Keyes's family, under strict surveillance, since that time.

On Saturday last, the mother and daughter appeared before Isaac N. Morse, Esq., to whom they made a complaint and told their story. Mr. Morse, in their behalf, instituted a suit against Keyes for the recovery of the money given by Cornwell, and also for their six years' labor.

Keyes was arrested by Deputy-Sheriff E. L. Shed and held to bail in the sum of $6,000. He claims that these women were given to him by Cornwell, but this is hard to believe. It is unnatural to suppose a father, who, according to the testimony of both mother and daughter, never struck a blow upon either of them, would consign his own child to the ownership of a man who has since, according to the same authority, flogged them both unmercifully, the marks of which the mother still bears.

We have seen and conversed with both mother and daughter, at the house of the private family with whom they are now stopping, and we were impressed with the truthfulness of their story. The mother is a smart, intelligent woman, about 45 years old. The daughter, as before stated, is of prepossessing appearance, intelligent and modest, and, among other acquirements, is a good dress-maker.

They will not suffer, though they are here without money in a strange land, for, in addition to District-Attorney Morse, we are happy to learn that Gen. Butler has signified a willingness to lend a helping hand to protect them in their rights.

There are several nice legal points involved in this case, all of which will be in due time elaborated, to say nothing of the political and moral elements—exciting side issues—that will be forced upon it. Especially will the *moral* aspect of the case be interesting, as bringing directly before us a living witness and a practical demonstration of the worst feature of the "peculiar institution" of the South.

The Dred Scott drama, with variations, is to be enacted again. The writ is returnable at the December Term in Cambridge.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

Those who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

SLAVEHOLDING GRATITUDE.

President Buchanan is beginning to have a taste of the gratitude of the slaveholders. They are half done with him, and are as ready to throw him away as they were to pitch Franklin Pierce out of sight as soon as they had extorted from his eager hands the uttermost farthing of mean submission and degrading service. If Mr. Buchanan have a pet antipathy, it is to Senator Douglas. He is the deadly opposite whom the President sees rising up between himself and that vision by day and dream by night of every dweller in the White House, of a Second Four Years' inhabitation of it. The show of virtue, twisted and one sided as it was, which a common and decent consistency made it necessary for Mr. Douglas to assume on the overthrow of his political philosophy of Popular Sovereignty in the swift haste of the slaveholders to enter in and possess Kansas, was a rebuke to the supple and unquestioning servility of Buchanan, the Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant of the drama presented on the public stage at Washington. The daily beauty of Douglas's life was not a thing to make one glad, but it was enough to make Buchanan more ugly by the contrast. At any rate, the Sage of Wheatland hated the Little Giant as soundly as ever Jack the Giant-killer did his nursery-tale antagonists, and was as resolute to put an end to him.

He was the rather encouraged to this exploit by the belief that he was doing thereby what was well-pleasing in the eyes of his lawful owners, and what would call down not merely praise but reward upon his head from those who hold the destinies of politicians in their hands. And he had apparently reason for thinking so. The slaveholding and pro-slavery clamor which filled the air that overhangs the capitol was informed with bitter hatred of the rebellious slave of the Southern Democracy. No runaway was ever pursued with more earnest rancor and punished, as far as their power went at that time, with more malignant energy than was this deserter from the plantation of which Buchanan is the Head Overseer. He was not merely to be made to expiate his guilt by his punishment, but he was to serve as an example to all the other hands on the estate—a warning to all other evil-doers of like eccentric propensities. It was not much that Douglas had done, to be sure. He had not run a great way off. He was by no means beyond the reach of recapture, and he was not at all damaged for future service by the little escapade he had made. But, still, he had violated the discipline of the slave code, and had set an ill example to others of daring to entertain ideas which the "Voice and Will of the Brotherhood" to which he belonged "refused to allow and protect." So whatever of personal spite or political grudge Mr. Buchanan might feel towards him seemed sure of gratification under the fair-seeming of party fidelity and political consistency. And so the work of exterminating Douglas was begun in Illinois, and it was auspicated by a holocaust of village postmasters and Chicago tide-waiters.

At first, the slaveholders urged on the chase. The desire of revenge made them blind for a season to the incidental mischief they might do to themselves by an imprudent indulgence in that luxury. Nothing can well be more provoking to a master than to see his servant, after beginning a task of dirty work well, turn round upon him and refuse to go on with it because, forsooth, it goes against the grain of his conscience—and, particularly, if it should happen to fall to the ground because of his ill-timed precisionism. But the slaveholders are wise in their generation, and they seldom permit their passions to cross the path of their policy. Indeed, they have compassed that perfection of worldly policy by which they make their passions the very means of bringing about their ends. The threats of those tetchy brats of doing themselves a mischief have brought the rest of the family often enough to the point of letting them have their own way. But when concession, within the safe and moderate limits to which they always confine such yielding, is necessary to their designs, they are usually acute enough to perceive the occasion and prudent enough to make their advantage of it. This was just such a case. The passionate malice with which Mr. Buchanan hounded on the pack to throttle Douglas in his own earth had created a diversion in his favor. There was a division in the Democratic camp—a schism in the Democratic Church. The unity of that faith which deftly substitutes Slavery for Liberty in the liturgy of the land, and slips Moloch into the stead of the Most High God, and teaches the people so, the unity of that faith was in peril of foul breach which might grow to irremediable disruption. This was a thing not to be suffered, since it would endanger the shortening of that right hand on which Slavery leaned in peace, as its sure champion and strong support.

Accordingly, when the slaveholders found that the effect of the Douglas persecution would be only the edification of the Republican heresy and the weakening of the Democratic strength in the Senate and in the country, they changed their front at once, and turned upon their unlucky ally Buchanan and trod him into the dust. They saw plainly enough that it was a mere punctilio upon which the war with Douglas was waged. On all essential points he was as much to be relied on as ever. He had refused to eat up his own words again as soon as they were uttered, as far as the right of the people of a Territory to settle their own affairs without intrusion from without or from above; but he did not desire to devour any of those he had uttered in the great behalf of Slavery in the States and wherever it could establish itself by any show of popular pleasure. If half a loaf be better than no bread, then, surely, a loaf from which so inappreciable a slice had been pared was not to be thrown to the dogs as no longer fit to deck the children's table. Contempt for the African race, indifference to the wrongs of the slaves, readiness to do everything that the Constitution and the Judges demanded in favor of Slavery and a heart and soul thoroughly imbued and ingrained with the blackest pro-slavery tinge, made themselves even insolently apparent through the texture of all his web of words. The choice, as far as Slavery was concerned, was between an able and unscrupulous man who could do great mischief if read out of the party and a man representing whatever remains in the field of politics of opposition to the unebecked dominion of Slavery. They did not waver long, and they were helped to a speedier conclusion by the mischiefs resulting from this quarrel in the President's own State.

The tone of the more influential of the Southern papers changed at once. Vice-President Breckenridge writes to Illinois, directing the Democrats to bury the hatchet and to join forces to elect Douglas. The unhappy President is snubbed by his young and impatient heir. Could any hopes of heirship have prompted this interference? Gen. Harrison and General Taylor, though both veterans in the field, were worried to death by their own dogs in the Cabinet, and why may not the same process make Breckenridge the worthy successor of Tyler and Fillmore? No need, however, of any such forced conclusions. The reason of this interposition is plain—that nothing else can save the Democratic party from disintegration and dissolution. But it is none the less hard on poor Buchanan, who is thus put on one side as incapable of conducting the affairs of the party and rebuked for having made a botch of the whole business by his ill-directed malice. Of course, this settles the question of his renomination at Charleston in 1860. It is by no means impossible that a yet keener pang may be given to the *coup de grace* that shall then dismiss him from public life by finding that Douglas himself is his selected successor, and that it was these very pains to destroy that had made his fortunes. Much stranger things than this, improbable as it may now seem, have happened in the history of our politics. Be this as it may, the darling policy, the most cherished hatred of Mr. Buchanan is thwarted and disappointed, and that by the very men whom he fondly thought he was conciliating and securing, and he will, probably, have the mortification of seeing the man whose political ruin he thought he had made sure, triumphant over him and lord of the political ascendant in his despite.

This is cruel of the slaveholders, but it is wise. If they have the venom of serpents, they have their wisdom also. They have in all time shown no mercy to their tools when they had done their work, as Van Buren, Cass, Webster, Pierce, and now Buchanan, can testify. They care nothing for their servants; they are faithful only to their interests. Now, Douglas may be entrusted with the direction of the nation with the most entire confidence by the slaveholders, should he appear to be the man the most likely to carry the election. He is committed against nothing but the compulsory establishment of Slavery in Territories where it is not wanted. Let Slavery leave Kansas alone, and she may help herself to the whole boundless continent beside to the southward and to all the islands of the sea. Surely, she may be content with this. Indeed, if the Republicans were no better than their creed and no better than their apostles, there were little to choose between Douglas and whoever may be the chosen champion of their host. They have shaved their platform down to so fine a point that it would seem impossible to pare anything more off it. It presents as slender a foothold by which to enter into the paradise of power as the silken thread which bridges the abyss over perdition and on which all true Mussulmen have to pass into the paradise of the Prophet. They think that the more slender the thread, the more numerous will be the host of believers that will crowd upon it. It may be so, but we do not believe in such engineering. Their main safety lies in the bad name they have got. Let their leaders protest never so vehemently that all they mean is to prevent Slavery from being carried into Territories by the power of the nation against the will of the inhabitants, while they have no wish to molest it where the white people like it, neither the slaveholders nor their own rank and file believe them. If the first believed them, they would as soon have them in power as the Democrats; if the latter, great multitudes who follow after them would turn back and walk with them no more. Their whole strength lies in the Anti-Slavery name they have got, and which their enemies will not permit them to disown. It is the Sectionalism which this name unavoidably gives to them that is their life. But this is not violently to the purpose of the ingratitude of the slave-drivers to Mr. Buchanan, and we will defer the consideration of this topic to a more convenient season—which, however, will be sure to arrive.

THE CANADA RESCUE.

We copied, last week, from the Chatham (C. W.) *Freeman*, an authentic account of the rescue of a boy, supposed to be a slave, from Mr. R. W. Merwin of St. Louis, while they were passing through that place in the cars. The colored people of Chatham had received a telegraphic despatch informing them that the boy was a slave, and their only motive was his freedom in accordance with British law. Merwin had, before his arrival at Chatham, spoken of the boy as his property, and boasted that he would bring $800. The boy himself, not understanding the object of his captors, was of course a good deal frightened at first, but when he learned the true state of the case, he was grateful enough. Mr. Merwin, knowing that he could not command much sympathy in Canada in an effort to recover a *slave*, declared, in the face of his previous assertions to the contrary, that the boy was free; and the managers of the Great Western Railway, anxious to conciliate their Southern customers, resolved to aid in prosecuting the rescuers. The British sentiment, which revolts at any interference between a gentleman and his *servant*, was appealed to with great effect, and as the negroes were unable to *prove* that the boy (contrary to the assertions of Merwin) had been held as a slave, seven of their number were convicted of "an aggravated riot in taking a minor from his guardian, or a servant from one having authority over him." The influence of the wealthy agents of the Railway in the neighborhood of Chatham is very strong, and the magistrate is said to have charged strongly against the rescuers. The names of the men, who are probably now in a Canada prison for this noble act, are as follows: I. D. Shadd, John Sparks, Shelby Smith, Edward Doston, William Street, John Goodyear, John Hooper.

The boy having informed his captors that his mother lived in Paterson, N. J., Mrs. M. A. S. Cary was sent to hunt her up. The woman, we are happy to say, has been found, and we trust that her appearance in Canada, as the lawful claimant of her son (who, there is too much reason to suspect, had been enticed away by Merwin with the intent to hold or sell him as a slave), will in some way work the deliverance of those whose only object in interfering in the matter was to give him his liberty.

The Detroit *Free Press*, an unscrupulous organ of the sham Democracy, in its account of the rescue, said:

"The whole family of the boy, consisting of his father and mother, and numerous brothers and sisters, belong to the gentleman who lost him, and this is the first inroad that has ever been made in the family circle. How it will affect them others have described very often of late years. It may be worthy of note that an older brother was enticed away at Niagara Falls a couple of years since, but returned after an absence of three weeks, fully satisfied with the boasted blessings of freedom which Canada proffers."

This story about the separation of the boy from "his father and mother, and numerous brothers and sisters," was probably founded upon statements made by Merwin *before* he discovered that his chances for recovering his servant would be greatly increased by declaring that he was free! What will the Detroit *Free Press* say, now that the mother of the boy has been found, and the story of his cruel separation from "the family circle" is proved to be an arrant falsehood? We shall see.

It is no credit to the people of Canada that the men who rescued the boy, from the noblest of motives and the divinest of all human impulses, have been condemned as criminals and sent to prison. The citizens of that Province, there is too much reason to fear, have been corrupted by intercourse with the people of the United States, and this prosecution has doubtless been stimulated by persons interested in the Great Western Railway, who fear the loss of Southern travel on that route, if it is once understood that slaveholders cannot take their slaves with them without danger of their being rescued.

E. H. Heywood, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe of Andover, Mass., Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism.*

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* of the 23d inst. contains the proceedings of the Western Anti-Slavery Society at its Sixteenth Annual Meeting, held at Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio, on the 16th, 17th and 18th inst. Not having room for the entire report, we will present the most important portions thereof in a condensed form.

The Society convened under circumstances well calculated to depress all save the most hopeful and sanguine friends of the cause; the financial embarrassments of the last year having had the effect to diminish the circulation of the *Bugle* and deprive the Executive Committee of the means for sustaining lecturing agents. It was apprehended by many that the Society would be compelled to discontinue or temporarily suspend its organ, which, in the face of difficulties that often seemed insurmountable, has been regularly issued for a period of more than fourteen years. The faithfulness of Mr. Robinson, the editor, in rebuking the Republican party for its want of moral principle and its tendency to mislead and debauch the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, has given offence to some who, in former years, made liberal contributions to the Society's treasury, while many of those who heartily approve the course of the paper are so crippled pecuniarily that they can do but little for its support.

In spite, however, of these discouraging circumstances, the meeting was well attended; so well, indeed, that the Town Hall was far too small for the occasion, being crowded at times to its utmost capacity, while some who desired to enter were unable to do so. The spirit of the meeting, too, was such as to afford encouragement for the present and inspire hope for the future. To this the *Bugle* thus bears testimony:

"It was a good time for all the friends of freedom present, and we trust the work done was such as to rejoice the tens of thousands of the absent. On the second day, the place was altogether too strait for the people who thronged to the meetings. Every inch of standing room was occupied with men and women, who, almost without exception, seemed to receive with intense interest the words of the speakers. Many went away unable to get admission, and others, we are informed, staid away under the impression that it was useless to try to gain an entrance to the hall. On the part of the friends present, there was manifested an unfaltering determination to keep the Society in vigorous and active operation during the coming year, a purpose which their agents—the Executive Committee—will use their efforts to realize. This zeal and earnestness on the part of the friends has encouraged and strengthed them for their work. The contributions and pledges to the Society were generally liberal, and eminently so in the case of several individuals, especially considering the pressure of the times."

Marius R. Robinson, the President, occupied the chair, and the Society was served by the following Committees:

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Robert George, Sarah Bown, David L. Galbreath, Abraham Brooke, John Holliday, Josephine S. Griffing, Adula Brooks and Humphrey Hoover.

Finance Committee—J. Elizabeth Jones, Kersey G. Thomas, Sarah N. McMillan, Josephine S. Griffing and John M. Holmes.

Nominating Committee—Kersey G. Thomas, Lydia Irish, J. Elizabeth Jones, Isaac Brooks, Wm. Holliday, Sarah N. McMillan and Abraham Brooke.

Bugle Committee—Benj. Bown, Eliza L. Thomas and Marcena Miller.

The Annual Report—brief, pertinent, uncompromising in its tone, and full of anti-slavery life—was read by J. Elizabeth Jones, Corresponding Secretary. After presenting very clearly the embarrassments of the Society and tracing them to its uncompromising position as the representative of the slave and the exponent of anti-slavery principle in opposition to a truckling expediency, the Report thus proceeds:

"In this trying emergency, with all these discouragements in view, with our eye upon an empty treasury and a greatly diminished subscription list, the question may well be asked, what had better be done? We doubt not the query will arise in the minds of some, why struggle for the maintenance of a Society, and for the existence of a paper, when there are such odds against us? You might as well have asked the heroes of ancient time why they resisted the opposing hosts. You might as well have asked your revolutionary fathers, in the hour of their greatest extremity, why they did not lay down their arms and surrender to the foe. The contest is not between ourselves and our neighbors, not between us and any Church, not between us and any political party, but between liberty and slavery. Hostilities commenced in the first family of man, and all earth has witnessed the fiercest and most bloody conflicts. In our own country liberty gained signal triumphs some eighty years ago; but since that, who shall recount the various results of the sieges and the battles between these two opposing powers?

"We claim, as a Society, to be on the side of liberty; and if this be true, then those who are not with us, however good their hearts may be, are practically on the side of slavery. Hence the need of organized effort, and of standing firm to our posts. Even though discouragements far greater should surround us, though we should be reduced to the number of Gideon's men who lapped water at the well of Harun, though we should be in peril often, and in prison often, as we have been heretofore, though suffering should diminish our strength, though utter annihilation might stare us in the face, yet our duty remains the same—to guard with unswerving fidelity the citadel of human rights. Though our fortunes may at times appear desperate, yet relief will come. Not relief to us, perhaps—we may die at our post, and no record remain on earth that one throb in favor of universal freedom ever warmed our bosoms, for it is only a distinguished few that posterity ever hears of, but relief will come to the race. It is not merely for four millions of chattels that we labor, though that is the specific object for which we are associated, but our principles cover a broader field—they apply to universal man. If we break a link in the chain of tyranny in our midst, we weaken the power of tyrants everywhere. A conquest in favor of justice may be pointed back to by generations yet unborn, as a source of incalculable blessing. If we would trace out the origin of our own political and religious freedom, we may look far back to the Barons at Runymede, we may refer to the political principles of Hampden and Sydney, and a host of others who have checked the power of the throne; we may bring up the labors of Wickliffe, of Huss and of Luther. These all achieved something for themselves and their contemporaries, much more did they gain for us who have succeeded them, and those who shall live in time to come may rejoice in a much fuller acknowledgment of human rights.

"So, if we remain true to the principles we have espoused, if we trample compromises in the dust, and show to the world that we value liberty more than the favor of man, more than personal aggrandisement, more than political power or Church dignities, we may weaken the chains of the subject race in our midst and shall advance the interests of human freedom in the world. We may not, like Wilberforce, go up to judgment with a million of broken fetters in our hands; but we may go there with the sustaining consciousness that we have done what we could. Though our Society is small and our operations limited, yet 'a candlestick set in a low place gives light as faithfully to those who need it as that set upon a hill.'"

This is the true spirit of liberty, under every discouragement unyielding, invincible, triumphant!

The compromising spirit of the Republican party in Ohio is forcibly illustrated by the following reference to its treatment of the brave and noble Giddings:

"Political parties are not apt to be purer in their growth, or at maturity, than at their birth, and the so-called party of freedom is by no means an exception to this rule. Every year of its existence witnesses an increase of false conservatism prevailing in its councils, every succeeding effort is marked by a greater defection in principle. Ohio, which has occupied as good a position in both Houses of Congress as has any other State, has recently been disgraced by the action of her Republican party, which has taken the oldest, the most faithful, and the most useful of all the country's representatives from his place at Washington and permitted him to retire to private life. The veteran who has done as much for the slave as any politician can do, who has long been dreaded more than any other man in Congress, and whose absence from the legislative hall will be a cause of more rejoicing to the South than would that of any other, has been notified that his public labors can now be dispensed with. When there were none to stand by him, he stood alone and battled the insulting and oppressive South. With plain common sense and an eloquence born of sympathy, he presented an array of facts which could be neither controverted nor explained, until the slaveholders gnashed their teeth with rage and cried out against him who tormented them before their time. And now, when the greenness of the laurel wreath is mingled with his whitened hair, his sturdy form, which was ever in the van of the fight, has been ordered to the rear by his Republican friends! What language shall express the indignation which such an outrage merits?"

This will be deemed no more than a fitting rebuke by many members of the Republican party.

The speaking, which seems to have been for the most part of a high order, earnest, eloqu

hardly be so much to their minds. We have an impression that Mr. Lippincott's first orders from the South will be the largest, and that he knows it; and hence postpones other orders till the trade in that quarter is supplied. Mr. Lippincott has shown himself an adept in the matter of Southern book-traffic. He is the publisher that expurgated the slave from Ary Scheffer's *Christus Consolator*, and printed that beautiful picture as frontispiece to the Bible and Prayer-Book for the Southern market.

MR. BLEBY IN NEW YORK.

Our readers have not forgotten the admirable speech, made on the first of August last at Abington, Mass., by the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, of Barbadoes, showing the beneficent results which have followed the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies. Mr. Bleby's connection with the Methodists of England and his long and faithful services as a missionary—he having been a preacher to the colored people in the West Indies a period of 27 years—would seem to entitle him to the warm regard of the Methodists in the Free States. It might naturally have been expected that the ministry and laity of that Church at the North would be eager to testify their respect for him and to listen to his testimony as to the workings of emancipation. Such, however, has not been the case. A few Methodist pulpits have indeed been opened to him, but the Methodists generally have not manifested the slightest interest in him or his movements. Of all the Methodist pulpits in this city, not one, we understand, has been opened to him; and the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the central organ of the Church, though under the editorship of a man who makes loud professions of hostility to slavery, has not, unless we are much mistaken, made any effort whatever to gain for him a hearing upon the question which he is so well qualified to discuss. One or two Abolitionists in this city, in no way connected with the Methodist Church, deeming it a shame that so competent a witness of the beneficent results of emancipation should not be called upon to utter his testimony before leaving the country, set themselves to the task of getting up for him a public meeting. The result of their efforts will be seen in the following correspondence:

LETTER TO THE REV. HENRY BLEBY.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: We learn that you have been for many years a missionary among the colored people of the British West Indies, under the auspices of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society; that you were in Jamaica during the three years preceding the emancipation of the slaves, and for a period of fourteen years thereafter; that you subsequently resided for several years in Antigua, and that since 1856 your field of labor has been in Barbadoes. You are therefore qualified, by extensive experience and observation, to testify as to the effects of the great experiment of freedom inaugurated by the British Government on the 1st of August, 1834, in the emancipation of 800,000 slaves. We learn that you have made some very interesting statements upon this subject in Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia and other places, showing that emancipation, contrary to the oft-repeated declarations of the supporters and apologists of slavery and to the fears of some of the friends of liberty, has been no failure, but a blessing of inconceivable magnitude to both whites and blacks. We are solicitous that the people of New-York should have an opportunity to hear your testimony from your own lips, and we respectfully request you, if consistent with your engagements, to give them such an opportunity before your return to Barbadoes. We are sure that many of our fellow-citizens, of all sects and parties, would hear you gladly.

We are, dear sir, yours respectfully,

H. W. BEECHER,	PETER COOPER,
CEO. B. CHEEVER,	WM. M. EVARTS,
HENRY W. BELLOWS,	JAMES PORTER,
CHARLES L. BRACE,	W. C. BRYANT,
R. M. HARTLEY,	HORACE GREELEY,
SAMUEL OSGOOD,	JOHN BIGELOW,
ABEL STEVENS,	CHARLES A. DANA,
E. H. CHAPIN,	HENRY M. FIELD,
EDWARD BRIGHT,	S. H. GAY,
WM. HENRY FRY,	JOHN HOPPER,
EDWARD CORNING,	OLIVER JOHNSON,
CHARLES F. BRIGGS,	C. G. JUDSON,
SAMUEL SINCLAIR,	THEODORE TILTON.

New York, Oct. 21, 1858.

MR. BLEBY'S REPLY.

No. 218 West 31st st., New York City, Oct. 22, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: The letter, embodying your request that I should deliver an address in this city relative to West India Emancipation and the results it is producing, has just been handed to me; in reply to which I beg to observe that I have pleasure in complying with your wishes thus expressed. And I shall be happy if any statements I can make shall contribute to disabuse the public mind of the erroneous impressions which prevail on that subject, and tend to strengthen the hands of those who desire to see the blessings of civil and religious liberty extended to every branch of the great family of man.

The Church of the Puritans (the Rev. Dr. Cheever's) having been, as I understand, kindly proffered for the purpose, I propose to speak upon the above named subject, in that place, on Wednesday evening next, my stay in the city being limited to Thursday, the 28th inst.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, yours,

HENRY BLEBY.

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., and others.

Dr. Stevens, on being called upon, signed the letter to Mr. Bleby and expressed a hearty interest in the proposed meeting; but the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of the present week, though issued on Tuesday, and circulated by hundreds among the Methodists of the city, contains not a single line commending Mr. Bleby as worthy of a hearing. Dr. Porter, junior manager of the Book Room, also signed the letter promptly, and we will not doubt that he fulfilled his promise to send notices of the meeting to the Methodist pulpits of the city, to be read on the last Sabbath.

Our paper goes to press at too early an hour to permit us, this week, to give any account of Mr. Bleby's meeting. The prospect of a good attendance while we write is very good, and we entertain no doubt that Mr. B. will treat the subject in such a way as to carry conviction to the minds of his hearers.

"THE CONFOUNDED WOMAN QUESTION."

MANY of our readers will remember the excitement produced in 1840, when FRANCIS JACKSON, presiding at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in this city, appointed a woman—the heroic and devoted ABBY KELLEY—to serve with men upon a Committee. Hundreds of clergymen, with their lay supporters, anticipating this "outrage upon the proprieties of life," had rallied to prevent its consummation; and when they found themselves outnumbered in the vote, they indignantly withdrew from the Society, and, at the call of Mr. Lewis Tappan, retired to the Vestry of the Madison street church, where they formed a new Society, from which women were carefully excluded. No Abolitionist of that day can have forgotten the ridicule and opprobrium heaped upon the American Anti-Slavery Society, for recognizing the plain constitutional rights of its female members. Ministers in pulpits "hard-bottomed on the dollar," as Theodore Parker says, united with Bennett's *Herald* and the *New York Observer* in declaring that the Society had not only violated Apostolic and Divine authority, but even outraged the decencies of life, by appointing a woman upon one of its Committees; and Mr. Tappan and his band of disorganizers felt themselves called upon to rescue the Ark of Anti-Slavery from the profane hands of the infidel Garrisonians! Eighteen years have gone by, and where now is that Society, whose founders expected that, by "cutting loose from Garrison" and repudiating the unpopular measure of woman's equal cooperation, they would secure the favor of the clergy and a sure triumph for the cause? It is buried in a forgotten grave, while the American Anti-Slavery Society "still lives" in its pristine vigor, a terror to the oppressor and a star of hope and consolation to the slave. And what is the state of public opinion now upon the question which divided the Society in 1840? Let one significant fact, which has just occurred in this city, answer. On Tuesday evening last, Dr. Chapin's beautiful church (not in the obscure quarter where alone the American Anti-Slavery Society could meet in 1840, but in Broadway) was crowded to its utmost capacity by an audience which, after calling the Mayor of the city to the chair, appointed a woman (Mrs. E. M. POWELL) as Secretary! To what a pitch of degeneracy has New York arrived, when such an event can take place and not a single press be found to utter a protest? Where is the popular reverence for St. Paul, which was so sensitive in 1840, and which so promptly asserted itself from the pulpit and the press? Alas! the thunders of the *Observer* are no longer heard, and even the *Herald* has forgotten to scoff! And then, too, think of the dreadful heresy uttered in the meeting by Henry Ward Beecher, and applauded to the echo, viz: "*A woman has the right to do anything that it is becoming in a man to do;* and most things that are becoming in men would be *more so* in women—for where men bring their rugged force to the work, women bring the power which lies in noble affections and in a purity which transcends anything in man." The bones of "New Organization" must have rattled in their grave when this sentiment fell from the lips of Mr. Beecher.

And here we are reminded of the exclusion of the American female delegates from the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in 1840. "British Usage" was pleaded by Englishmen (their prejudices having been aroused by the misrepresentations of the partisans of New Organization in this country) as a sufficient reason for not permitting Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew and others to take part in the deliberations of a Convention called to promote the abolition of a system under which millions of women were held in degrading bonds! Though woman's heart was bleeding, the voice of woman was rudely hushed in disgraceful compliance with clerical intolerance and sectarian prejudice. Well, even "British Usage" no longer makes it disgraceful in a woman to address an assembly of men. In a London paper now before us we read: "The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry is *in the habit* of visiting her tenants and miners, and *making speeches to them.*" Think of that, Mr. Tappan! Her speeches, moreover, are full of sound sense, if we may judge by the following specimen which we find in *The* [London] *Statesman:*

"You may think at such a time as this, when I am glad to meet you on a festive occasion, that lecturing is out of place (No, no)—or you may say, 'As long as you receive your rents punctually you have no right to complain.' In answer, I would say, our meeting would be productive of little beneficial result if I did not tell you frankly my views for your welfare (great applause), and that my selfishness would preclude my usefulness if I satisfied myself with a punctual discharge of rent, to the neglect of your improvement and advancement in social comforts. I fully admit the regularity displayed in the discharge of your rents. I have however another mission to fulfil towards you besides seeing you do your duty towards me. I have to try to assist you to do your duty to yourselves (prolonged applause). And I ask you, is this performed nearly to the extent it might be? Your farms are not high set; prices have been good; help and assistance have been given to many. I ask you is your social condition what it ought to be? Might you not, by adopting a more beneficial and enlightened system of agriculture, immensely increase your produce? Might you not, by thrifty and frugal habits, improve your houses and domiciles, still greatly capable of it? and might you not, by supervision, promote—what is more important than all—the education of your children, rather than, from a false desire of gain, take them from school at a period when every hour is of advantage for their future welfare? Now, I ask you to ponder over these questions; and if I am right, I ask further, for your own sakes to apply a remedy (enthusiastic applause). I confess I have been discouraged in some of my endeavors. The agriculturist I got to give you extended notions you declined making friends with, and he left from discouragement. The premiums I offered for gardens did not seem to be properly received, and I was obliged to give up the flower-show. It is, however, a great consolation to find that the entries this year for agricultural prizes are greatly on the increase, and evidently prove that there is a spirit of emulation arising amongst you which will, I am convinced, if persevered in, tend to your improvement and future prosperity. Now, I hope you will not think I have lectured you too much (No, no). It is because I see how you discharge your duty towards me that I wish to impress on you to do more justice to yourselves."

Surely, the world moves!

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 22, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SOMETHING whispers me to write a letter for THE STANDARD. Can it be the spirits? Such promptings come to me but seldom. Much correspondence of any kind is one of the luxuries with which the like of me cannot expect to be indulged. With all my lecturing and other labors, it is but little that I can write.

Are you aware how many of our scanty forces are now off their posts on account of illness? Mrs. Chapman and Abby Kelley Foster too being of the number. Mr. Phillips also, owing to the increased illness of Mrs. Phillips, is detained constantly at home. Then our friend Mr. Hovey has been a close prisoner, for several weeks, to malignant rheumatism. Theodore Parker too is not less so, with other complaints, until his friends have been quite alarmed on his account. Then there are others, less prominent, perhaps, than these, but yet all important as auxiliaries in works of Progress and Reform, who are also away for repairs. Mr. Garrison too, now at the West, we hear is troubled much with hoarseness and other difficulties. So that really, at present, we are able to present but a narrow front to the foe.

Does it ever occur to you that some of us are in "the downhill of life," by reason of years? Those who attended on the birth of the Anti-Slavery movement are almost thirty revolutions older than on that day; and probably most of them had seen at least five and twenty winters before.

But how much of experience and encounter have been crowded into the lives of those who have sustained the shock of the anti-slavery warfare from its beginning? The longevity of our veterans is not to be computed by the revolutions of the planets. Ministers and others, the commonest of men, are sometimes quite aged, counting the moons they have seen wax and wane. But how many Synods of ordinary parish ministers would it take to make up in experience and action one single Garrison, or Stephen S. Foster?

We hear of Elizabeth Frye, of Elizabeth Blackwell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Florence Nightingale. But have they all together lived as long and as much in stern experience, with a world in arms against them, as has Abby Kelley Foster alone? Indeed, have they ever "*faced a frowning world*" at all?

The Women's Right's enterprise has brought into the firmament of Reform whole constellations of oratresses, beautiful as the Pleiades, who yet know little of the storms which howled through the skies, while Mrs. Foster was alone defying their darkness and daring their wrath. These new allies can now walk, like some of Bunyan's Pilgrims, "*in silver slipper,*" and "*on sunny day,*" over highways that she marked with bloody feet, in storm and tempest, pursued by the hounds and hate of popular sentiment, waked into fury. They can now reap golden harvests of fame and fortune, where she literally suffered the loss of all things. They are praised where she was persecuted; they are caressed where she was cursed. Let them cherish her declining years, for their battle is not wholly won. And the time may come when even her gray hairs shall be worth more to them than the waving tresses of battalions of younger and untried soldiery, who never saw a real battle.

I read with deep interest the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anniversary, in your last STANDARD. Two things struck me, O how forcibly! One was that, with our glorious pioneer in attendance, and almost every possible reason for a large gathering, "*the meeting began with an empty house,*" and was small, comparatively, to the end. The other was that there should be wonder expressed, or felt, "*that nine-tenths of the legal voters belonging to the Society gave their votes for Fremont*"!

Why should not principle have been thus trampled down? Every possible inducement was presented from without to tempt men astray; and then the tone of many, if not most, of the leading voices in the Society itself was such as to give the greatest encouragement to such a crooked course.

I have just read over the proceedings of the Anniversary of that year. I had most unpleasant remembrances of some of them, and now see they were not unfounded. Mr. Henry Grew (blessings ever on his venerable head) was, as always, true and inflexible. So also was his inestimable daughter. I never listened to any voice with more delight than to hers on that occasion. But with these exceptions, there were very few speakers who did not apologize for Republicanism to such an extent as to secure it the vote of all "the weak in faith," and, alas, of many that, before, were counted strong. And scarcely any of these failed gently to chasten or boldly to rebuke me for my persistency in the doctrine of Disunion, *especially in that stern, trial hour;* that only hour which tries our souls and principles together.

I never wonder at anything, in these times. But certainly I cannot wonder that "nine-tenths of the legal voters in that Society voted for Fremont." The anniversary was but few days before the election, and I went home expecting just such an apostasy from principle as the day revealed. Almost the whole zeal of the Society seemed to me in that direction. The speaking and action of the anniversary, much of it, appeared to me also to anticipate it. Far the largest contributions were made by members and even officers of the Society, that year, to aid in the Fremont strife. Faithful Abolitionists were either charged with intolerance or cautioned to mildness whenever they earnestly contended for adherence to principle. Not only in Pennsylvania, but almost everywhere, the interests of Republicanism seemed to be watched and guarded, with intense solicitude, by many who, *when there are no temptations to be otherwise*, are very zealous Garrisonian, Disunion Abolitionists.

I see no reason, therefore, for the wonder expressed at West Chester that nine-tenths of the voters in the Society abandoned their principles two years ago. But let it be a lesson of warning to us all, in coming time. It shall be so to me, who may, perhaps, be as much in need of it as any. I have seen more, and experienced more, than many others; and so, perhaps, more is and will be required of me than of them.

None of us can be too careful and watchful over ourselves. Theodore Parker now says he is glad the Republican party failed in 1856. He boldly declares "they did not deserve to succeed." So I often told him, during all that live-long year. Nor did I doubt the genuineness of many a man's anti-slavery heart in the party. Perhaps I do not now. But this cannot be said much longer; for the day of *innocent* ignorance and blindness must be nearly past.

Pennsylvania has just had a State election, and Republicanism everywhere is jubilant at the result. But what have humanity and the four million slaves to hope from it? What a commentary on it all is Mr. Garrison's letter in *The Liberator* of this week! See him in Pittsburg and Harrisburg, in Lancaster County, and even in the anniversary itself at West Chester. See Philadelphia, with its myriads of people, sending "*less than fifty*" up to that most important gathering! Truly we have yet a world of work on our hands.

How sad that many are now absent from their posts, through illness and weakness of the flesh! Truly what remain should be true to our great ides. Only thus can we be invincible. Numerically, we are nothing, at the best. But we may be, nay we must be, of those, *one of whom can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand times ten thousand* to flight.

YOURS, with stout heart, PARKER PILLSBURY.

VAGRANT CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, Oct. 25, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WE send you the annual statement just made by Mr. Wiegand, Superintendent of the News Boys' Lodging House.

It is interesting especially from showing how far such an institution can be made self-supporting.

You will observe that out of the $1,900 expenses, nearly $1,000 have been paid by the boys themselves, while the $900 have been contributed by this Society.

A considerable proportion of the expenses have been for permanent improvements. It should be stated that the "Lodging House" has become a sort of general home now for friendless boys, and is not exclusively used for news boys. The price of the tickets of admission is six cents, and we would be glad if our friends would buy these tickets and give them to poor boys who apply to them for charity. They can be obtained at our office, or at the Lodging House, No. 128 Fulton street.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE NEWS BOYS' LODGING HOUSE.

Total number of Lodgers for the year.....15,308
11,559 have paid (on average about 5 cents).
895 have been sent from the office.
208 have been sent from Station-Houses.
2,646 have been on credit (another name for *free*).
15,308

Total Receipts.....$1,029 47
$594 55 of which was from lodgers.
49 44 of which was from ticket sales.
42 03 of which was from closet rent.
53 66 of which was from sales.
7 80 of which was from fines.
281 99 of which was from donations.
$1,029 47

There have been 2,331 individuals to lodge in the place, so constant is the change going on. If a single seed of good has found lodgment in the heart of one-tenth of that number, the place has not been useless. Is it extravagant or poetical to hope that such *has* been the case?

Expenses have been $1,922 32. A good deal was spent in enlarging our facilities, which have been increased 40 per cent. upon previous times. Such heavy expenses need not recur, but still the cost of such an institution must necessarily be great.

C. WIEGAND, Superintendent.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNWERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

MR. GARRISON, on his way home from Ohio, spent the last Sunday at Cortland, Cortland Co., New York, where he delivered four discourses to large and deeply interested audiences. On Monday evening he spoke to a good audience in Syracuse. In a private letter from the latter place he says:

"I have had a most delightful time since I left home. Everywhere I have been greeted with great kindness, and in all meetings I have attended there has been the utmost cordiality evinced. What a marvellous change since the early mobocratic days of the cause!"

Mr. Garrison's letter on the first page, in which he gives an account of his visit to Pennsylvania, will be acceptable not only to our readers in that State, but elsewhere.

THE MEETINGS advertised in our last to be held at Pineville, Bucks County, Pa., we hear were largely attended and highly satisfactory. The house was filled, day time and evening, and the people listened with the liveliest interest. Mary Grew and J. M. McKim were the only speakers, Robert Collyer having been prevented, much against his will, from being present. We are desired to say, however, that Mr. C. is going to Pineville soon to hold two meetings—a religious meeting in the morning, and an anti-slavery meeting in the afternoon; and that as soon as the day is fixed, notice of the same will appear in THE STANDARD.

PERSONAL.

Robert Rantoul, father of the late Robert Rantoul, Jr., died in Beverly, Mass., on the 24th inst., at the age of 80 years.

Mr. Knoedler, successor to Goupil & Co., has engaged Grozelier, of Boston, to execute a lithographic portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "Sage of Concord."

The Rev. Henry Bleby will, by special invitation, occupy the pulpit of Theodore Parker to-morrow (Sunday), for the purpose of making a statement showing the results of emancipation in the West Indies. Mr. B. will return to Barbadoes a few days hence.

Theodore Parker has been seriously ill for some time past, but we infer from some things that have come to our knowledge that he is now convalescent. We hope so, at any rate. Indeed, there are few men in the United States whose illness would afford cause for deeper regret to the friends of humanity.

Lucretia Mott, a friend in Philadelphia informs us, has gone to Baltimore, to attend the Yearly Meeting of Friends in that city. We presume she went with the usual "minute" from the Monthly Meeting to which she belongs. That she will bear a fearless testimony against slavery, in her ministrations on slave soil, we entertain no doubt.

Rev. Samuel J. May is making arrangements to go to Europe, to be absent ten months or a year. Two of his sons are already there. We hope he may derive both health and happiness from the voyage, and do something, at the same time, for the cause of freedom, of which he has so long been a faithful champion at home.

MEETINGS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Wm. Wells Brown intends spending the month of November in Pennsylvania, lecturing and reading his dramas. Those who wish meetings in their localities can address Wm. Still, at the Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia.

Summary.

When Cæsar was asked by Brutus how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, what did he answer? Answer—"*Et tu, Brute.*"

CURIOUS.—"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all "curious."

A piece of black web silk, nearly a yard long, in a perfect state of preservation, was recently discovered in North Troy imbedded in a solid pine log. The wood had apparently grown over the silk, as there was no crack where it could have been thrust in.

COOL.—TOLERABLY.—Not long ago a married woman in New Orleans eloped with a clandestine lover, taking her three young children with her, and leaving a note for her husband, saying that he need not worry about the babies, as none of them belonged to him.

BOSTON ALDERMEN.—At a meeting, in Boston, of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, recently, the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, city missionary, said of the aldermen of that moral city, "you couldn't stick a pin into one of them without brandy spitting forth." They should be put on tap.

THE POPULATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—It is computed by the *North American* that Philadelphia has a population of between 610,000 and 625 000, and that it increases and has increased since 1850 at about the rate of five per cent. per annum, calculated upon the actual number at the commencement of each year.

A FRENCH SURPRISE.—In a gay circle in the Faubourg St. Honore they were complimenting the beautiful Duchess de ——— on the approaching and apparent birth of an heir to so illustrious a house as her son.

"Say nothing of it to my husband," she replied; "it's a nice little surprise I am preparing for him."

EXPECTED RISE IN LEATHER.—Two pair of shoes were lately made by a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, to fill an order for a Southern plantation. They are intended for a slave, who is also a negro-driver or overseer, and measure *nineteen and a half inches in length*, with a corresponding width. We presume these shoes were made at so much the foot.

RAPID SALES.—The] publishers of Mr. Longfellow's new volume already announce the twentieth thousand. "Miles Standish's Courtship" looks now as if it would run ahead of "Hiawatha." Seven different persons are advertised to read it in public, and although it was only published on Saturday last, found purchasers to the amount of ten thousand in one day.—*Boston Journal.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.—Rev. Thomas H. Jones, who was for forty-three years a slave, will lecture in the Eastern part of this State and in Rhode Island, this fall and winter. His story is said to be a very interesting and touching one. Those who would like to assist in getting up meetings for him will please address him, at Millville, Massachusetts.—*Mass. Spy.*

CONNUBIAL BLISS.—I once met a free and easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ———, without any invitation, convinced—as proved to be the case—that my lord and my lady, not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose that the other had asked him.—*Reynolds' Life and Times.*

SABBATH QUESTION.—England is again on the eve of a struggle in regard to the Sabbath question. A number of leading literary men, headed by Lord Stanley, have petitioned for the opening of museums, picture galleries, and other places of public instruction and amusement. The Crystal Palace Company have also determined by a large majority to open the Crystal Palace grounds for the proprietors and their families on Sunday. The case is to be brought before the courts of law.

THE PRICE OF A FLOGGING.—It will be remembered that, some time ago, Capt. S. M. Barton, U. S. A., was tried before a criminal court in Texas, for causing Mr. Joseph Head, a citizen of that State, to be tied to a tree, stripped and flogged, and was subjected to a fine of $500, which fine Gov. Runnels immediately remitted. Mr. Head subsequently commenced an action against Capt. Barton for damages, in a civil court at San Antonio, and has obtained a verdict against the captain for $2,500.

DR. LEIBER.—Dr. Francis Leiber, editor of the *American Encyclopedia*, and author of many valuable works, has lately been driven from South Carolina because of an anti-slavery article he published fifteen or twenty years ago in the Encyclopedia. He has long been Professor of Political Economy and Moral Science in a South Carolina College, but the chivalry of the Palmetto State could not endure such a dangerous man, and he was compelled to leave. We are glad that Columbia College has had the sagacity to elect this eminent man to a professorship.

A POLITICAL DOCUMENT.—The following is a literal copy of a list handed into the assessors, under the laws of Connecticut, requiring a sworn list of all taxable property:

E——B——list for 1857.

To 55 akers of land worth 8400 00. House and barn nothin atal only a place where theaves and Robers brake into and steels all I put into them.

My head which people ses I must put in which is so weak and febel is worth nothin atal.

My wife is no use to me atal, and she is gone all the time nothin atal.

16 Sheare	$32 00
One old tom Cat	25
One Kitne half prise	12½

SLAVES IN THE CHURCH.—The following figures show the number of slaves at the South who are church-members, and the Churches they belong to:

Connected with the Methodist Church South are	200 000
Methodist, North, in Virginia and Maryland	15 000
Missionary and Hard-Shell Baptist	175 000
Old-School Presbyterians	12 000
New-School Presbyterians, supposed	6,000
Cumberland Presbyterians	20 000
Protestant Episcopalians	7,000
Campbellites, or Christian Church	10.000
All other sects combined	20,000
Total colored membership	468,000

A FORTUNE FOR AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.—A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says that a natural daughter of Aaron Burr, and residuary legatee, comes curiously into possession of quite a fortune, in this way: Burr held a lease from Trinity Church of the Richmond Hill property, three or four hundred lots in the centre of New York, for sixty-six years. He re-leased the land for sixty three years to Astor and others, and their lease expires in 1860. The lease for three years then belongs to Burr's daughter, and the claim is indisputable and the value of the lease very great. Already several of the lessees have compromised the claim for from $1,500 to $2,000.

MONEY IN THE DEAD-LETTERS.—The dead letter branch of the General Post-office has just closed another quarter's work. During the three months which terminated on the 30th ult., there were found 2,729 letters which contained money, amounting in the aggregate to $12 921 82. For the quarter which closed 30th June last, there was received 4,549 letters and $21 498 85 in money. For the quarter ending 30th March, 2,472 letters and $13,457 15 in money. Quarter closed 31st December, 2,352 letters and $13,361 90 in cash. Total in the year, 12,102 letters and $61,239 72 in money. It is gratifying to state that under the efficiency and promptitude which characterizes the finance bureau, over nine-tenths of the whole amount of cash has been restored to the original owners.

JEFFERSON DAVIS ON NOAH WEBSTER.—In a speech delivered on the 23d ult., at the Maine State Fair, in Augusta, Jefferson Davis paid a Mississippian's tribute to a Yankee spelling-book:

"You have a right to be proud of your achievements in the school-house, in the public assembly, in the work-shop, in the field and on the sea. You have a right to be proud that your manufactures encircle the world. This is the power of mind over matter. This is what what makes your people great. Above all other people we are one, and above all books which have united us in the bond of a common language I place the good old spelling-book of Noah Webster. We have a unity of language which no other people possess, and we owe this unity, above all else, to Noah Webster's Yankee spelling-book."

YANKEE DOODLE A BASQUE SONG.—An article in the Newburgh *News* asserts that Yankee Doodle is a national air among the Biscayans, and so ancient that they believe it was brought into their country by Tubal, their great forefather. Senor Quehelle, formerly United States Vice-Consul at St. Sebastian, a port in the Basque provinces, is the authority, and the writer states that he found the tuno to be universally known throughout all that region. In like manner, Rev. Mr. Bowen takes from our country the honor of originating the "Ethiopian Melodies," which have been pronounced the only music purely American in existence. He says they are identical with the "corn songs" of Africa.

NO TIME FOR SWAPPING.—An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio, in a steamer, with a mare and a two-year-old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing, above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt, and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Parse, book!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "its mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but for a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for *swapping horses.*"—*State of Maine, Oct.* 6.

THE FIRST BOSTON WOMAN.—MRS. ANNE POLLARD was the first European female that stepped her foot on Boston Common. She lived 105 years, and left 130 descendants. She said in her old age that she came over in one of the first ships that arrived at Charlestown; that in a day or two after her arrival, on account of the water being bad, a number of the young people, including herself, took the ship's boat to cross over to Boston; that as the boat drew up towards the shore, she (being then a romping girl) declared she would be the first to land, and accordingly, before any one, jumped from the bow of the boat on to the beach, and was, moreover, according to her own statement, and the belief of Mr. B., the first European female that stepped her foot on Boston ground. She described Boston at that time as very uneven, abounding in small hollows and swamps, and covered with blueberry and other bushes. A portrait of Mrs. Pollard, taken at 103 years, is at the Massachusetts Historical Society's Rooms.

THE RIGHTS OF COLORED PASSENGERS.—In the case of Wm. H. Day, a colored man, against John Owen, owner of the steamer Arrow, plying between Detroit and Toledo, the Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that proprietors of steamboats have the right to refuse a cabin passage to colored persons. The Court said:

"The right to be carried is a right superior to the rules and regulations of the boat, and cannot be affected by them. If the defendant had refused to carry the plaintiff generally, he would be liable unless he could show some good excuse releasing him from the obligation. While this is a right that cannot be touched by rules and regulations, the accommodation of passengers, while being transported, is subject to such rules and regulations as the carrier may think proper to make, provided they be reasonable. The right to be carried is one thing; the privilege of a passenger on board of the boat—what part of it may be occupied by him, or he have the right to use—is another thing."

THE NEW CHURCH FOR THE REV. H. W. BEECHER.—A large meeting was held a few days since, in the Rev. H. W. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, agreeably to the call of the Committees on location and building. Mr. Howard called the meeting to order. H. B. Claflin, Esq., was appointed chairman, and Mr. Howard acted as secretary. Mr. Beecher offered prayer.

The Committees reported that $175,000 would be required to purchase the lots and put up a building capable of seating six thousand persons. The report of the Committee was accepted, and it was voted that the Society deem it expedient to raise the sum named.

Various plans were proposed for raising the money, such as loans upon scrip, and by donation. They finally voted to make the effort to raise the amount by donation. It was suggested, if it could not be raised in that manner, other plans might be adopted, but there was a general expression against loans or scrip. Some $20,000 was pledged by three or four persons, and, the hour being late, the meeting was adjourned to Monday evening next, at which time books of subscription will be ready for circulation.

THE SHAW CASE IN ALABAMA.—The citizens of Tuscumbia, Franklin County, Alabama, are greatly exercised with regard to the Shaw kidnapping case, now progressing in our Criminal Court. At a late meeting on the subject, held there, in which all the great men of the county took part, a report was made by a Committee appointed for the purpose, and adopted, from which we take the following passage: "Of the fact that the boy captured by Julian and Shaw having been born a slave, and of his being a slave always, there can be no doubt. There has been committed no offence against the laws of Pennsylvania by Shaw, and, therefore, the Committee believe that the prosecution of the said Shaw is the prompting of fanaticism, and not for the vindication of violated law." Well, the people of Tuscumbia may think so; but we have an idea, it may be an erroneous one, that the twelve men sitting in judgment on Shaw must, in view of the evidence against him, hold a different opinion, and they are, after all, the judges whether or not he has committed an offence against our laws. We shall see.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.* [Shaw has been convicted.]

AGE AND DECISION.—A friend mentioned to us, this week, one of the most remarkable illustrations of decision, in breaking away from a long-continued habit, that we ever heard. It was in the case of a relative of his, a venerable old gentleman, 94 years of age, who had been in the daily habit of using his pipe and tobacco for more than seventy years. As the result of mature deliberation, he suddenly, one day, surrendered the weed and all its accompaniments into the hands of his family, with the very emphatic declaration, "There, take 'em away, I've done, I shan't smoke any more, I won't die with a pipe in my mouth." This determination was not in consequence of any consciousness of impaired vigor by the use of tobacco, for the old hero had never been sick a day in his life, and had never been obliged to call a physician, and had never known anything whatever of the depression of disease—but it came from the exercise of a wise, manly resolution. All honor to a veteran of 94, who could conquer a habit that had endured through "three score and ten!" John Leighton, Esq., of Boston, is the man.—*Clinton Courant.*

[The late Isaac T. Hopper was for many years an inveterate smoker; but, when nearly 70 years of age, being convinced that the practice was injurious, he abandoned it, adopting in its stead a daily shower-bath.]

JEFFERSONIANA.—All doubt and dispute as to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence are at an end. It was written by Jefferson. He states, in a letter written in 1819, that it was signed, by every member present, on the 4th of July, except Mr. Dickinson. New York did not sign till the 15th; Pennsylvania, still later; and New Hampshire, by Mr. Thornton, not till the 4th of November.

"*The Congressional Journal*," says Mr. Randall, "speaks of but one signing. And we are informed that the paper copy, which he (Jefferson) so

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER X.

The announcement of a new master was received by the negroes with a sort of sullen resignation. Ginsey declared that "one master was as good as another."

To the plantation hands it mattered little who claimed the ownership of them, for they were always under the eye and subject to the authority of an overseer. Gratifying, however, it was to know that they should remain upon the plantation, for local attachment is strong with these simple and loving souls. The soil they were born upon is the soil they would die upon; and the tomb they would have made where the cradle was rocked!

Marian sent for Aggy to come to her; the poor quadroon dreaded the meeting, she knew that her mistress would make such heavy demands upon her sympathy, whilst she wanted to keep herself calm and collected.

Marian sat in a low rocking-chair, with her rich brown hair unbound and sweeping carelessly, half-wildly over her neck and shoulders.

"Come up close, Aggy, and take this footstool," she said, as the quadroon entered; "I want your advice, your best advice, now in this moment of great trouble."

Marian paused. The quadroon did not speak, but sat motionless at her mistress's feet.

"Aggy," continued Marian, "what was it you were saying, yesterday, about a small house and economical living? I quite forget it—my brain is so puzzled—but now we will consider it well, and, I think, try to live as you proposed—perhaps, on even a smaller scale; tell me about it again. I mean to listen to you and profit by what you suggest."

The quadroon felt how little use there was, now, for naming such a plan, but, to gratify Marian, repeated the proposal which she had made the preceding day—not, however, with the same animation of manner.

"You don't seem interested in it now, naughty girl; perhaps you fear that your own work will be too heavy; but, Aggy, I don't mean that you shall go at all that foolish embroidery. I'll dress the children in a plainer style, and begin the business of economizing at the very first lesson. Oh, Aggy, I am all awake now, and begin to understand something of that ugly word, *duty* I'll commence life afresh, and go to work in earnest. 'Tis a great trouble that has come upon us. We shall have to leave dear Oakford and all our people. What a home it has been to me, and how full of associations!" She sighed as she looked out of the window upon the rich sweep of cultivated ground.

"Aggy, all the servants have to be given up, and I am now plain and poor as the veriest carpenter's wife; but I *will* keep you, Aggy, more as a friend than a slave." Large tears were collecting in the lady's eyes; silently and singly they rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the small ivory hands that rested on her lap. The quadroon observed this and wiped them away with her own handkerchief. "Yes, Aggy," she added, "you shall teach me economy, and Mr. Raymond will be surprised to find how well we shall get along. Yes, I shall learn fast. Economy is not more difficult than French and music, which *I have* mastered. Come, I am getting in good spirits at the prospect."

Aggy only wished that her mistress had thought thus a year ago; now, it was of little avail. She remained silent and dared not (as was her wont) confirm Marian's pleasant mood by a word of promise or hope. The entrance of Mr. Raymond was a relief to her embarrassed silence.

"Oh, William!" cried Marian, "I have arranged it all nicely. Aggy shall stay with us; we can take a cheap cottage, which Aggy and I will fit up with the utmost taste. We can hire a cook—perhaps those ugly creditors" (her brow darkened) "will let us hire Ginsey. Aggy shall attend to the house, and I mean to take charge of the children Won't this be comical?" She laughed heartily at her own scheme; no doubt thinking it very unique; but to this merry laugh her husband returned no echo, but stood with a sad smile half playing over his handsome features. Aggy observed this, and, passing her hand across her face to conceal the quivering lip, averted her head as Marian called out—

"Haven't I made a fine plan, Aggy?" The quadroon did not reply. Alas! her heart was too full. She knew that human power could not now avert the falling bolt.

Marian was charmed with her plan; she could talk of nothing else.

"I will write," she exclaimed, "to Josephine Finney to come and see me in the cottage; 'twill be such a novelty, such a change for her to visit us in a cottage; but I mean to make it blooming and beautiful as Aiden. Now, as I think of it, t'will be very pretty. Low-browed cottages are great features in novels; why may they not do in actual life? At least, we will try. Here is Pedro—poor Pedro, your kennel shall be removed to the cottage. The creditors will allow us *that*—wont they, William?" she quizzically asked; but he could not return her mirthful taunt. Alas, he saw, from the picture she had sketched, how poorly she was prepared for the reality. Poverty, to her, was a dressed up thing, such as we read of in romance. Experience only could teach her. Such a bounding and buoyant nature would not long remain under the fetter of trouble.

Poor Aggy went sadly about her work, bearing the gibes and taunts of the slaves with a silent sorrow.

"Ag, is you gwine to be sold?" asked Jim. "Laws, didn't think Miss Marian would have you sole; thought yer was a fav'rite."

"An' is Maser Raymond gwine to sell you?" asked Ginsey, with an insulting look.

"Yes; I am to be sold with the others."

"You is a fool, den; an' what's dey gwine to do long o' yer chile?"

"It will be sold with me."

Ginsey walked up close to the quadroon, and hissed into her ear these words:

"I'd kill, I'd pisen white folks, afore I'd bar what you bars; tell 'em who is yer father an' who is yer chile's father."

The quadroon grew pale as Death, and shook in every nerve. Without replying to the woman, she fled from the kitchen to her own room, and, fastening the door, threw herself on the floor beside her child's cradle and wept bitterly. The child crept to its mother's side; stroked her face with its little thin hands and patted her head. 'Twas used to these scenes. Begotten of shame and conceived in sorrow, the little Linny had known nothing but grief. Her mother's tears were more familiar to her than smiles, but this deep paroxysm of grief seemed to excite her more than usual.

"Mamma," she wailed out, "what is it—what is it?" There were terror and tenderness in the tone.

The mother seized her child, crying out,

"Oh that you were dead—dead in my arms."

"What is't, mamma; what must Linny do? She'll be good and no cry; she'll stay here an' play while mamma's gone"; and she wiped the tears from her mother's eyes, with her own little hands; and, crawling to another part of the room, brought one of her toys to her mother, endeavoring, in this childish manner, to soothe the sorrow which she could not understand.

Looking out from the window, the quadroon beheld her mistress's children, accompanied by their nurse, playing upon the green. "Let what may come," she thought, "they shall be cared for. No amount of debt, no extravagance can sacrifice them or separate them from a life of freedom." Her brow darkened—the iron half entered her soul. "Death will bring freedom; would that my child might die."

Just then Raymond passed her window; she saw that his face was perplexed, and, silencing her own heart, gave all its sympathy to him.

Marian's dreams of a quiet, pretty cottage, with Aggy for "maid of all work," were destined to have no realization. Creditors are inexorable beings. To spare a victim is an article unknown to their crushing creed.

The possession of Oakford was yielded up with many sighs and tears. Poor Marian felt as if an angel with a flaming sword was driving them from the Paradise of her youth. She passed from its flower-lined walks—its bloom and its beauty, with a heart torn by trouble and disappointment. She went to each familiar spot, each grove and grotto, every dear old haunt, to say farewell, and literally watered the ground with her fast-falling tears.

To the slaves she sent a "good bye," for her husband would not trust her to speak with them, knowing that the scene would be too overpowering for her sensitive nerves.

The sale of the nine slaves, with some articles of household furniture, was to take place on the ground, an announcement having been made of it in the county papers.

A sad scene it was on that fair summer morning, when the sunlight, the soft, sweet air, the blooming flowers and stately trees preached the lesson of "Peace on earth, and good will to man."

About two hundred men were collected upon the grounds, ranged round in small groups, talking about matters of a common interest, the approaching elections, the state of the crops, the condition of the money market, &c. Occasionally a farmer would take out his watch, look at the time and say that the "sale" was rather late in commencing. There was a great cracking of riding-whips, and evident signs of impatience on the part of the bystanders, who longed for the excitement to begin. One of the men, evidently an overseer upon an adjoining plantation, came up to a squad of men, saying,

"Niggers doesn't sell so high this year; they fell a hundred per cent. last."

"I guess, if you had to buy, you'd think 'em dear enough," replied an ignorant old farmer, in homespun, who was determined, if possible, to drive a close bargain; "you see, niggers is uncertain kind of property."

"Yes, but they'll take a rise shortly. I got word from Orleans" (this word was pronounced as though it were spelt Orleens) "that there would be a demand in the market next year; there's bin quite a mortality 'mong 'em on the plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana. Now's a good time to buy up."

"Thar is nine as good-lookin' uns as I've seed in a long time," said another overseer who joined the group.

"They is mostly house hands, Scroggs," replied the first overseer, "an' won't sell so well."

"That quadroon gal will bring a fair sum; in the Orleens market she'd bring a good three thousand."

"Not with that ar sickly child."

"No, they's not gwine to sell the child; of course they'll throw it in."

"I wouldn't take it as a gift; them sick children is allers a hindrance to the mothers. You can't git a good sale for a yallow gal with a child in the Orleens market."

"They'll soon dispose of it, if it makes any difference in the sale."

Talk such as this was carried on pretty freely as the buyers walked round and surveyed the objects for sale, which were put out on exhibition.

Meantime the sale of the furniture went off rapidly. Everything sold well, according to the report of one of the buyers.

The slaves, Aggy and her child among the number, sat out in the open sun, beneath the clear heavens, near the auctioneer's box, subject to the inspection of visitors. Persons came up to the stand, looked at them, asked a few questions, examined the condition of their teeth, fingers, limbs, and inquiring their different ages, condition of health, &c.

Aggy sat with Linny upon her lap; her face was locked and rigid. The replies which she made to the questions proposed were always brief, but satisfactory.

"Is that your child?" asked a rough-looking man.

"Yes, sir"; and she drew Linny closer to her breast.

"What do you hug it up so for? give it more air; you'll choke it if yer don't mind"; and with this low joke, he left the trembling and frightened mother.

Twenty times was she forced to put out her thin hands and submit them to an examination.

"They are fine fingers—make a good cotton picker," said one brute in the half-upright form of a man.

"She is intended for a lady's maid," put in another.

"She is better than that; the best price will be given for her as a fancy piece," said an incarnate devil, who joined the others.

Poor Aggy quailed beneath their impertinent glances. Her eye wandered about in search of Raymond, of Marian. All boldness forsook her; she was overcome by the sense of utter dependence, and longed for protection. "Surely," she thought, "Mr. Raymond could shield me from their insults. I am willing to be sold, but I can't bear this."

A sound of the auctioneer's hammer brought silence and attention from the groups, and announced that the sale of the slaves was about to begin. A negro man first mounted the box; his age was given by the auctioneer, his honesty and general capabilities set forth in the usual eloquent phraseology of the craft, and then the question put, "Who bids? how much am I to say, gentlemen?"

A voice cried out, "Seven hundred dollars." "Seven hundred dollars, sir; going at seven hundred dollars; this admirable negro man, only thirty years of age, a fine, able-bodied man, of sound health, going at the paltry sum of seven hundred dollars? Will somebody else give me a bid?—only seven hundred—seven hundred."

A voice from the crowd, "Seven hundred and fifty."

"Only seven hundred and fifty."

"Eight hundred."

"Eight hundred, I am offered—only eight hundred; going at eight hundred, at eight hundred and fifty."

And so on he cried until the negro was "knocked down" at one thousand five hundred dollars. He was black and went a little cheaper. Meantime the poor man—though black-skinned, still a brother man—stood on that box, open to the gaze of the assembled rabble, and heard himself cried off to the highest bidder—heard an inventory given of his qualities, his physical proportions, his health, &c.—and yet bore it silently, without one resentful or manly complaint. But it will not always be so. Patience has worn herself out, and human forbearance is well-nigh exhausted.

"Mount the stand," cried the auctioneer, and another one stood up; this time 'twas a woman, poorly dressed, with a downcast and sorrowful face, quailing and trembling as her eye met that of the bidder. An exhibit was made of her, pretty much in the same manner as that of the man who preceded her. She was "knocked down" at a fair price. Others followed and were as quickly disposed of, until it came to Aggy's turn. There, at the foot of the "stand," she still sat, rigid and fixed as a statue of death.

"Mount up, yallow gal," cried the auctioneer.

She tried to rise, but there was no strength in her limbs.

"Come, mount; be in a hurry about it, no time to waste."

Again she tried and again failed. Eyes were glaring around like so many glancing spears. Her child clung to her in affright; her own blood seemed frozen in the veins.

"Mount!" again shouted the auctioneer.

The lips opened to speak, but the words died in her throat. At length she said,

"I cannot move."

The same spirit that bade Jesus "march," when the load of the cross pressed upon his shoulder, now cried out,

"Mount the box!" It was a tone she could not disobey, and, attempting to disengage her child's arms from her neck, she again tried to rise; the little creature clung the tighter—the mother dared not trust her voice to speak to it, but, gently unclasping its tiny hands, was about placing it on the ground, when it asked,

"Let me stay, mamma, with you?" and hid its face, in fear, on her breast.

"May I take her upon the block with me?" the quadroon askcd, looking up to the auctioneer.

"No, leave the child there."

Looking round in agony, she saw Ginsey standing near by.

"Will you keep my child?"

"Yes," answered the woman in a hoarse tone; but the child still refused to leave its mother. Aggy dreaded a longer delay, and, tearing herself from the child, mounted the block with an irregular, half-fainting step. She would rather have mounted the scaffold for execution. There, pale and frightened, she stood, in full gaze of the crowd. Her eyes were fixed on her child, while her lips were tightly compressed.

"Hold up your head," said the auctioneer. She mechanically obeyed.

"Thar's a specimen for you; as fine and likely a gal as can be anywhar found; a capable house servant, a healthy one, and young; will do for lady's maid or most any situation; nice hands, a rale beauty, fine limbs too." He passed his hand down her shoulder; she indignantly stepped back. "A little skittish, you see, but she'll cure of that," continued the brute. "Come, now, gentlemen, give me a big bid on this one. She is worth a round two thousand. Come, who'll bid? how much?"

"One thousand," cried a voice.

"Going, at one thousand dollars—this fine and likely quadroon gal—one thousand."

"Eleven hundred."

"Eleven hundred—just giving her away at that—going at eleven hundred—who bids over?"

"Twelve hundred."

But before the auctioneer could catch up the word, another voice shouted out,

"Fourteen hundred."

Fourteen hundred—must I knock her down at fourteen hundred—young and likely—going at fourteen."

"Sixteen hundred."

"Yes, I say sixteen hundred, going, going at sixteen hundred."

"Sixteen hundred and fifty."

"Seventeen hundred."

"Eighteen hundred."

"Two thousand."

"Going," cried the auctioneer, at "two thousand dollers—a splendid quadroon—young and pretty, going at two thousand dollars; come, bid up—two thousand—two thousand—going—going—almost gone at two thousand—two thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five hundred," was sung out from the crowd.

"Twenty-five hundred—going—going—almost gone at twenty-five hundred—come, hurry; who says three thousand? who? going then, going at twenty-five hundred—going—g-o-i-n-g at twenty-five hundred—*gone*"——

And the hammer descended with significant force. The quadroon came down from the block, pale and exhausted. Catching the child in her arms, she strained it to her heart. The world was shutting down cold upon her; this child was the one precious link to life. It was very touching to see her hold it so lovingly, so tightly to her breast, and it nestled warmly there as a home-weary bird."

The quadroon had not thought to inquire who was her purchaser, her whole heart and mind being now given to the child. She was not left long in ignorance; a rough hand was laid upon her shoulder and a strange voice sounded in her ear,

"Come, gal, look up; I'm your new master."

She did look up, and there stood a coarse, licentious looking man, of half-brutalized features, in a flaming waistcoat and neck-tie. Instinctively she shrank from the expression of his evil eye! There he stood, with a half smirk upon his face! The poor girl could not move, but clasped her child all the more closely.

"What's your name, gal?" he asked.

"Agatha."

"Rather a fancy name, white niggers always has fancy names. Well, I doesn't care for that; I'm not on-reasonable or a hard master, when gals behaves 'emselves. Look up, and see how you likes my looks."

Aggy half lifted her eyes, but quickly let them fall again. She had as soon encounter the glassy and vengeful eye of a rattlesnake.

"Why you is skearish like, but you'll git over that when you gits 'long o' the gang."

The quadroon started at this word "gang." She knew, then, that she had fallen into the hands of a professional trader, and there was no hope.

"Has you got much plunder? I hope not, for I don't 'low my niggers much; freight would be too high."

"I have one trunk only."

"Oh, I kan't let you take a trunk or box; you must do up yer duds in a bundle, so you can carry it, or maybe, as you are so likely, one of the men may take a liking to you and carry your bundle. We'll see, but git ready and come with me to the pen—we spects to leave for Orleans to-morrow, on the fust boat."

The quadroon rose, went to her room and made up a package of such articles of clothing as she deemed indispensable; but her books, her flowers, she dared not even look toward them. However, mother-like, she found room in that small package for one or two of Linny's favorite toys. She could not bear, for that dear, sick child, to be deprived of all that made her days pleasant or amusing.

"Come, baby"—she held the child in one arm, and the bundle in the other, and paused in the door-way to glance round the apartment with wet eyes and a heavy heart—"this room has been to me so dear, so sacred—I thought never to leave it until I went to my grave; but now I am looking my last." She staggered out of the door into the open air. The sun was setting, and the west blazed with the deepest and richest coloring. 'Twas a glorious evening, but Nature had no power, even in her beauty, to charm the quadroon's heavy heart or beguile it into cheerfulness.

The plantation slaves were crowding around. She rushed past them with a hasty, half-spoken farewell, and joined her new master. She longed to have the scene over—to be away from the place as quickly as possible.

"Oh, here you ar'," cried McAdams as the quadroon came up; "I like this—it shows that you ar' brisk; but what you doing with that child? it's not to go. I doesn't allow children. Give it up to some of these niggers standin' round here."

"It is my child, sir."

"Yes, but you can't take it with you on no account."

"You will let me have my child sir?" and she drew Linny closer to her heart. The child little comprehending what it all meant, still clasped its mother's neck."

"That child can't go; put it down, I say, and don't be cutting up capers, or I'll have to treat you as I do the others."

"Oh, sir," said Aggy, forgetting everything but the child, "you will let me have my child? it will not trouble you. I promise not to let her cry. I'll carry her in my own arms; please, sir, let me take her."

No, children is always in the way; she can't go."

"But, sir, the child is weak—is ailing; she has never been a day from me—separation will kill her—oh, sir."

"If it is sick and ailing, I've got the less use for it. You will be all the time nursing it, and I can't allow this. Besides, partin' from you ain't goin' to kill it at all. Children grows like flies; they is too plenty, if anything."

"But, sir, let me take her—as a bargain it will be the better for you; if parted from her, I will grieve so, and waste away, and bring you but a poor price when you offer me for sale."

"Well, now, you is a real smart un; I likes that; it shows reason; but we'll arguy it on the boat, an', if you convince me, I'll send for the child; but one thing is sartain, now, you can't take it."

"Oh, sir, pity—pity—pity," implored the frantic mother, as McAdams laid his hand on the child, attempting to take it from her arms.

"No, come gal, I've wasted too much time in this nonsense; if you was to take your child, 'twould make a fuss 'mong the other wimmin. I made three of 'em, the other day, give up their babies; an' they fussed and took on as much as you has done. I can't be partial; come on."

The quadroon looked wildly round from one to the other, all the time clasping her child tighter and tighter to her breast.

"Come along, gal; I say, put down that child or I'll tear it out o' yer arms."

"Mercy, God have mercy on me," cried the frenzied woman.

"Put it down, I say, and have no scenes here, afore the crowd"; his hand was again on the child.

"Mercy, master, mercy," cried the quadroon, sinking on her knees at the tyrant's feet.

He seized the child; it screamed terribly; the mother clutched at it, but too late; for it was quivering in the hands of the brute, who flung it upon the ground. The quadroon plunged forward, gave one wild, terrific shriek, and fell insensible on the earth.

The child, however, was safe in the arms of Ginsey, who had witnessed the brutal scene. She knelt down beside Aggy, and whispered in those unlistening ears, "I'll take kere of de baby; don't fret, poor soul. You'se done killed her," she added, turning toward McAdams.

"I guess she'll come to, when I gits her to the pen; here boys," addressing two negro men, "lift her into the wagon; its best to take her this way, she'll go off more quiet, an', after a little, she'll forgit the child. I'se seen the like of this many times before."

The quadroon was lifted into the wagon, according to the trader's command, and driven off to the pen.

Ginsey stood, with the terrified child in her arms, looking after the wagon.

"Now," she said to Jim, "I'se gwine to take this chile to Master Raymon'. I mean to tell him what I knows. I'll see Miss Marian if he doesn't do as he ought; but I guess he will, when I tells him what I knows. White man like, he's bin hidin' hisself to-day; he ought ter a bin right on dis spot an' seen what was gwine on."

The wagon drove on; it reached the pen. The quadroon was taken out in a state of insensibility. And when she did revive, 'twas not to a full consciousness; a dull and leaden weight pressed upon her brain and heart. Words were spoken to her, which she did not hear. Attentions were offered her by the kindly disposed negroes, which she did not heed; but always when McAdams came in the room, she shrank away with a sort of convulsive pain.

The next day they were taken to the boat and placed on the lower deck, to be shipped for the New Orleans market.

Aggy remained all the time quietly looking out upon the peaceful flow of water; for hours she would sit thus moveless, with a strange light gleaming in her eye, and her hand pressed hard upon her heart. The slaves often observed her thus, and, by an instinctive knowledge and delicacy of sentiment, did not intrude upon her, always walking away and seeming to shun the part of the deck where she sat. One evening they missed her from her accustomed seat, and sought for her among their number, but she was nowhere to be found.

And when McAdams called his roll, she did not answer; he searched the boat, but no one knew anything of her. The deck-hands and mate of the boat had seen her standing, quite late in the afternoon, at the usual spot, looking earnestly down into the water. And later than that she had not been seen by any one.

The trader cursed and swore, and vented his ill-temper in blows upon some of the innocent negroes, whom he declared must know something of it. In vain they protested their innocence; it was no matter, the trader's vengeance must have a suitable expression.

Where, then, was the quadroon? No mortal tongue could tell; and the silent waves flowed on with the same music-ripple, keeping the slave's secret and guarding her sorrow, in their beautiful and serene depths, with a truth which shames man.

The Quadroon's revenge was woman's revenge—a silent self-sacrifice.

THE END.

TENERIFFE, OR LIFE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

In the month of June, 1856, Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth was despatched by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty on a scientific mission to the Peak of Teneriffe. The object of the expedition was to ascertain how far astronomical observations can be improved by making them at an altitude where one-third of the earth's atmosphere is below the level of the observer. The necessary instruments were carried up the sides of the mountain to the height of 8,900 feet, and afterwards of 10,700 feet above the level of the sea, and were there made use of during a period of two months. The scientific results were successful and important, but with them we have not space to deal, and must refer those of our readers who wish to examine them to the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society, where they will be found in detail. What we propose in the present paper is to select from some portions of the philosopher's personal narrative a few of the conditions and specialities of life in a region far above the clouds, and rather more than two miles nearer to the moon than we Londoners are accustomed to dwell.

The first thing to be done, after arriving at Teneriffe in the yacht "Titania," was to get the instruments, the tent gear, and the indispensable provisions carried up the flank of the mountain. This was done on the backs of mules, the only means of transport available or indeed attainable in the island for such a route. The ascent was accomplished early in July. The caravan started from the streets of Orotava, a town on the north coast, early on the morning of the 14th, the loaded mules and the guides leading the way, and the philosopher and his wife bringing up the rear. The travellers had decided on Mount Guajara as the first point of observation, and thither they directed their steps. They had to pass over a part of the great central crater, a vast wilderness of volcanic blocks lying among beds of ancient lava eight miles across. But, to reach this crater, some 7,000 feet of vertical ascent had to be achieved under the rays of a burning sun reflected from the arid rocks, which grew more intense and overpowering as they proceeded. Towards sunset they halted at a spring 8,000 feet up the mountain, and thence reached their destination as the moon was rising. To erect two tents and bivouack beneath them, closed the labors of the day.

The Guajara mount may be regarded as a part of the wall of the great crater of elevation in which the Peak of Teneriffe, with two attendant peaks of lesser altitude, are inclosed. From the tent which the explorers erected for themselves, they had a fine view of these peaks, and would have had an almost illimitable view of the ocean in the other direction, but that the vast billowy track lay concealed under a coverlet of clouds, which, parting asunder only at rare intervals, allowed but a casual glance at the watery expanse beneath. The clouds appeared to form a level plain, across which it seemed but a pleasant walk to Palma, one of the neigboring islands.

A few days after their settlement on the Guajara, and when they imagined themselves securely fenced by walls of stone and slag, from perils of storm and wind, the party were visited by a deputation from Orotava, bringing them supplies, and a letter of advice from the most experienced person in the island, warning them to build their walls high and strong, or their tents would be torn to ribbons—a warning which was by no means to be neglected. One day, during the carrying out of these precautions, the professor, who had gone in search of water, and found goats' milk in addition, was surprised by the appearance of a party of peasants travelling with huge packs of merchandise on their backs, above 8,000 feet up the mountain side. On examining their merchandise, he found it to consist of a number of little gray particles like the ashes of a cigar, which were nothing less than the cochineal insects as picked off their cactus plants and prepared for the European dye-market. The peasants were taking them for sale to the port of Orotava, from the southern coast of the island.

By the 23d of the month, the mountain observatory was snugly completed, in an inclosure of rough stone walls. It embraced sleeping-rooms, larder, and fire-places; the supply of fuel was abundant, consisting chiefly of bushes of the *codeso* and *retama*. The latter is a flowering plant, so profuse in blossoms during the early summer that the townspeople find it worth their while to pack their hives of bees on mules and bring them to these upper regions to gather honey from the myriads of mountain flowers.

With a spring of water not far off, with herds of goats ready to be milked around them, and with occasional visits from peasants, who brought them now a stock of delicious fruit, and now a joint of lamb, the explorers were in no danger of starving. It was not all luxury, however; the heat, though bearable enough in the shade, was so excessive in the sun as to almost be blasting—the difference in temperature of an exposed body being sometimes as much as 185 degrees in the course of twenty-four hours. Then the dryness of the atmosphere was such that not only did the mahogany cases of the instruments contract and split to shivers, but the party found their skins cracking, their lips parting in seams, and their finger-nails crumbling and brittle as glass.

On the evening of the 27th, they missed the carpenter. He had started for a walk in the middle of the day, and had not been seen since. As it was growing dark, they made a bonfire on a prominent point, and bawled themselves hoarse; but no carpenter made his appearance. The next day they despatched a Spaniard in pursuit, but he returned without any trace of the fugitive. A deputation was now sent to the Alcalde of the village of Chasna, requesting him to turn out the inhabitants in search of the lost man. They had been gone some hours, when a sort of spectre appeared; it was the carpenter, in a wild and haggard condition, and hardly in his senses. He had been led home by an old goat-herd, and his story was to this effect. Thinking that the Peak was not far off, he had resolved to pay it a visit; he had got down to the vast crater-floor, but had hardly begun to cross the plain ere he was bewildered among the heaps of lava stones, which, rising like hills above his head, shut out all view of the distance. He tried to return, but lost himself in the stony wilderness, and was stopped by darkness. Next day he had lost all idea of the position of the country, as well as all his strength, and would have perished of hunger and thirst had not the old goat-herd found him, given him rest and food in his hut, and then brought him back. The goat-herd was a fine old fellow as to *physique*, but finer still in *morale*; for he scouted the idea of taking any money for what he had done, and though he accepted a breakfast, would insist on giving goats' milk in return for it.

A wind-storm on the 1st of August was followed by a whirlwind, which played some mad pranks, but did no mischief. After that arrived a number of villagers, who, having heard strange things of the doings on the mountain, came up with a request to be shown the goats in the moon. They saw what appeared to astonish them as much as the lunar goats, and departed well satisfied with their visit.

There had been one impediment all along to the observations at Mount Guajara. This was the dust-haze, which reached even to that level, high as it was, and above which the Peak of Teneriffe, rising over 3,000 feet higher, stood clear and transparent. Soon after the middle of August, therefore, Mr. Smyth resolved to remove to the higher station of Alta Vista, on the flank of the Peak itself; and, on the 20th of the month, all due preparations being made, the migration commenced. A long train of mules, bearing the baggage and the instruments, crossed the great crater and began the ascent of the central cone, reaching the appointed station between five and six in the evening, when they halted at an elevation of 10,700 feet. Here they encamped upon a coarse soil of broken pumice-stone, above the reach of vegetation, and apparently of animal life as well, with the exception of some spectral-looking spiders, destitute of webs. They succeeded in transporting to Alva Vista the great equatorial telescope, which had not been taken to Guajara, owing to the difficulties of the route, and then they set about building their observing station, which at this height it was still more necessary to fence with stone walls. While this work was in progress, the whole party witnessed, for days together, a sublime battle of the clouds going on in the vast field of encounter far below them. The clouds, which had hitherto canopied the wide sea beneath, had been brought to that region by the north-east wind, which had blown constantly for months; but now the south-west wind sprang up and brought with it vast masses of opposing clouds at the same level. Whenever the misty combatants met, they fought tumultuously, and, rising together vertically in the air, were seen to wrestle together, and then to topple over and fall maimed and mangled in the rear. The battle, for this time, ended in the triumph of the host from the north-east—an acceptable termination for the observers, because it betokened the further continuance of summer weather.

The scientific operations were now pursued with zeal and activity, and with more than anticipated success. The fine division of the outer ring of Saturn was seen with singular distinctness; and the well-known bands which cross the disc of Jupiter were resolved into regions of cloud, with forms characteristically marked, and drifting along under the influence of a rotation wind.

A visit to the summit of the Peak was now determined on, and, with guides to lead the way, a number of the party set forward at dawn of day. The way lay over a rugged mass of loose volcanic stones, varying in size from one foot to three in diameter, and appropriately called the Malpays. They emerged from this region only when they had reached the height of 11,745 feet, when the summit of the huge cone stood before them resplendent with light red and yellow, like a vast tower gleaming in the morning sun. They breakfasted on the Rambleta (the flattish base of the lofty cone), and then, climbing the steep about five hundred feet higher, stood on the narrow rim of the topmost crater. The breadth of the rim would scarcely afford standing-room for two; the ground was hot, moist, and full of holes, from which most nauseous acidulated vapors were breaking forth, producing crystals of sulphur, crossing and tangling each other in brilliant confusion. The interior of the crater is about 300 feet in diameter, and 70 feet deep, and the bottom, where not covered with sulphur, is white as snow. The philosopher, with his wife, and a gentleman who had visited them in their eyrie, walked about the crater, thus disproving all the alleged dangers of the "awful abyss" which previous travellers have described in such fearful terms. What strikes us as remarkable is the fact that in the hollow of this crater, 12,200 feet above the sea level, though at a lesser altitude they had left all signs of animal life, they found a population of bees, flies, spiders, as well as swallows and linnets—the birds and insects flying about in numbers.

The view from the top of the Peak takes in not only the island of Teneriffe, with its bands of verdure, its yawning craters and near and distant capes, but beyond lies the sea, of which, however, but little is seen, owing to the great cloud level, which, almost touching the shore, stretches away over the waters to the distant horizon, where it seems to support the vault of blue above. Piercing through the clouds, appear the tops of some of the neighboring islands, while others are completely covered in, and remain so during the whole summer.

As the month of September advanced, the weather began to show symptoms of breaking up. The south-west, the autumn-wind, came with storms and showers of hail; the guides talked of cold that would kill their cattle, and the barometer foretold rain. The guides made off in a panic, with their horses, some of the servants followed their example, and the party, much weakened, was left to stand as they could the brunt of the anticipated changeo. The rain and wind soon came in earnest, the great cloud level was broken up, and rolled in volumes above the peak itself; and now all thought of further stay was abandoned. The telescopes and instruments were repacked with all haste, and, a file of men and horses having arrived from Orotava, they were sent down the mountain sides under the charge of the sailors of the yacht.

Before finally quitting Alta Vista, Mr. Smyth and his wife, who proved throughout a most intrepid traveller, went, under the guidance of a Teneriffe lad, to see the famous ice-cavern in the vicinity of their observing station, and to which, during their stay, they had been indebted for water. This cavern stands in a wilderness of lava blocks, and had to be entered through a hole in the roof, by means of a rope swung to the depth of twenty feet, by which rope the casks, when filled, as well as the person who filled them, had to be drawn up. The yacht carpenter, however, made a stout ladder for the service of the company, and that was left behind for the benefit of future explorers. The philosopher handed his lady down the ladder with ease. They found the bottom a heap of stones, divided by a ring-fence of snow three feet high and seven or eight broad, from large surfaces of water stretching away into the further recesses of the cave. This strange cavern appears to have been the result of volcanic action—a sort of rock blister blown up by imprisoned gases, which at length found their way out by the hole rent in the roof. The snow is the drifted accumulations of winter storms; the water is the melted snow, and it is retained in its basin by a concrete partly of ice and partly of the alluvium and detritus carried down by the water as it melts and everlastingly drips through the porous rocks above.

By the 20th of September the whole party had left the mountain and returned to the low lands of Teneriffe, where, notwithstanding the cold and storms above, they found the summer weather still prevailing. They spent some days in examining the productions of the island, some of which are sufficiently curious and interesting. We must pass most of them, however, and conclude our brief summary with a glance at the cochineal cultivation, which affords, to our thinking, an instance of providential interference on behalf of a simple-hearted race, at a crisis when their utter ruin seemed impending. In the year 1835, a native gentleman introduced the cochineal insect, and the cactus in which it lives, into Teneriffe. The people thought him an innovator, and would not tolerate the ugly cactus in a land which had grown grapes for three hundred years. But time passed on; the vine disease fell on the land, the grapes withered, the plants died, and starvation stared every one in the face: their wine-trade had vanished. Having now no other resource, the despairing people tried cochineal growing in the abandoned vineyards. It succeeded to admiration. The insect multiplies fast, and brings a quick return, for within six months after setting out the leaves harvesting may begin. No wonder that cochineal became all the rage; waste lands, gardens, fields, were all turned into cactus plantations, and such profitable investments in the soil were never made before. There is little trouble in the process; the cactus will grow in the dryest ground, and an acre of it will yield from three hundred to five hundred pounds of cochineal, worth from £45 to £75. All that has to be done is to plant the cactus, to stick on its thorns a rag covered with the young insects, and leave them to do the rest. The few males among them, in form like gnats, die after a very short life, leaving the female, in shape like a lady-bird, only white, to enrich her owners by secreting so much purple fluid. When full of this, they are picked off the plants, baked dry in an oven, and are ready for the market. In the south of the island, the cochineal growers get two crops in the year; they are liable, however, to the mischance of heavy showers, which, occurring occasionally, wash the insects from the leaves of the cactus, and thus destroy a portion of the harvest. —*Leisure Hour.*

THE SOLDIER AND THE QUAKER.

Some 50 years since, a poor boy, born of poor parents and fatherless, who had no where to look for elevation or maintenance in life but to his own diligent exertions, chanced to be in the Navy Yard, at Brooklyn, and the thought struck him that he would like to enter the Navy. Being of energetic temperament, with him to think was to act, to desire was to strive. So, going to the proper officer, he applied for admission. The novelty of seeing a lad alone boldly asking for a place so often secured only by political interferences or by the entreaties of influential friends attracted at once the attention of the officer, and he inquired, "What can you do?" The reply was prompt and decisive, "*Anything that any other boy can.*" He was told to call again in a few days, and, leaving, he hastened to tell his mother the step he had taken. She thought the matter merely a whim and did not suppose it would accomplish anything. But the few days passed and the place was given to the enterprising lad. Scarcely in his new position, he began to show marks of genius and aptitude which outdid his associates, and step by step the baker's boy rose in influence and rank. His aim was high, his courage undaunted, his perseverance unfailing; and to-day he stands among the highest in rank and most influential in power of the "great ones" who compose the United States Navy. Such, in brief, is the career of William L. Hudson, Commander of the U. S. Steamer Niagara, the vessel whose recent arrival at Trinity Bay caused a greater thrill of enthusiastic pleasure to swell American hearts than any event since the Declaration of Independence.—*Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer.*

The late commander, James B. Cooper, of Haddonfield, N. J., was "the proper officer" above alluded to, who took the boy Hudson into the navy, and under whose command he gained much of his first experience as a seaman and an officer. In 1815–16 he was on board the Alert, then commanded by Cooper, on her cruise up the Mediterranean. Griffith M. Cooper (son of Com. J. B. Cooper) commanded the John Adams on the same cruise, and was an old crony of Hudson. Soon after, Lieut. Cooper, then one of the most dashing officers in the U. S. Navy, embraced the principles of the Society of Friends, changed the glittering ensigns of the navy for the drab uniform of that peaceful society, and was afterwards distinguished as a preacher in that denomination. He now lives a quiet and retired life near the shores of Lake Ontario, in Western New York, while his old companion Hudson, the poor boy who applied to the father of Mr. Cooper, has made a name which will stand on the historic page of the whole civilized world.

The only instance on record where a navy officer afterwards became a preacher of the Society of Friends, is the one we have mentioned above. And what shows the working of an independent mind is the fact that his father and brothers were in the navy, he himself a favorite officer, with every certainty of promotion before him, when he left the trade of war. His early education was all directly the antipodes of his final decision. Such cases are rare; and if his career has not been as brilliant as that of his old companion, there are thousands who will look upon him as having rendered greater service in the cause of humanity than the distinguished Captain Hudson. "Peace hath its victories as well as war."—*Chester County (Pa.) Times.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO J. R. GIDDINGS.

It is a customary thing, remarks the *State Journal*, with members of Congress to keep Autograph Books, in which are inserted signatures, accompanied sometimes with an autograph sentence or two, of the Senators or Representatives who may serve during the same time. A friend, who saw, not long since, the Autograph Book of the venerable Representative of the 20th District, was so much pleased with the lines addressed to him by John Quincy Adams that he obtained a copy, which we gladly transfer to our columns. The names of Adams and Giddings will be hallowed in the grateful remembrance of all true lovers of Freedom, Justice and Humanity, when party Presidents and party Judges shall be preserved only by the catalogues.

TO JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, OF JEFFERSON, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO.

When first together here we meet,
Askance each other we behold—
The bitter mingling with the sweet,
The warm attempered by the cold.
We seek with searching ken to find
A soul congenial with our own;
For mind in sympathy with mind
Instinctive dreads to walk alone.

And here, from regions far apart,
We came, one purpose to pursue;
Each with a warm and honest heart